

COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

Studios' Plight

MANY Hongkong people who have enjoyed the Mandarin dialogue productions of Hongkong film studios, to say nothing of millions of Chinese in Southeast Asia, will be alarmed at the news that the industry is faced with bankruptcy. The latest crisis may yet be a mortal blow and there is good reason for the anxiety with which the companies concerned look upon the new Formosa currency regulations.

To begin with a good Hongkong film earns up to about a third of its total income from Formosa, the rest coming from this Colony and Southeast Asia. The new Taipei law is said to require the purchase of a permit costing \$5 (Taiwan) for every US\$1 leaving the island. Which means that at the current rate of exchange for every HK dollar earned there and sent back to the Colony the film studios have to pay 39½ HK cents to the Taipei Treasury.

This is a severe impost. Even allowing for the argument that stringent measures are necessary to conserve exchange, this law must act unfairly on a wide range of legitimate remittances. Similar restrictions in Indonesia and indirect strictures in Japan have made serious inroads into their earnings and the HK studios now make less than a third the number of films they did in their peak years, 1950-1952.

THE new Taipei law means that Formosa earnings would be cut by about two-fifths and total earnings roughly by two-fifths. Considering the costing system of Chinese film studios this loss would have serious effects. They work on a shoestring budget and the smallest slump in earnings assumes the proportions of a major crisis. That they have survived the vicissitudes of the last three years is a credit to their determination and ingenuity as accountants and producers.

The dangerous implications cannot be underestimated. If the HK industry collapses, the vacuum can only be filled adequately by Mandarin films from Red China which have so plain an ideological twist that it could be missed only by a cynic. Formosa must be aware of the inherent dangers in this position. Some special dispensation ought to be made to help the HK studios. For it would be a calamity if they were forced to close down.

# HK Blamed For Delay In Release Of PoWs

## Mother's Fight For Son

### Danger Of Being Sent To Formosa

San Francisco, July 8. A woman sought an order here yesterday to prevent her son from being taken to Formosa by her former husband who she claimed was a "dare-devil" pilot whose duties included flying Nationalist guerrillas to Communist China.

The mother, Mrs. Natalie Watts Boyson, said her father, Mr. Harold Gill, was British vice-consul in Shanghai.

Her complaint, filed in the domestic relations court here, said the boy's father, Mr. Roy Watts, was now married to a niece of General Chiang Kai-shek.

### FATHER'S THREAT

She said Mr. Watts has threatened to take the five-year-old boy, Gary, to Formosa by force. Mr. Watts was described as "a member of a group of adventurers and dare-devils whose concern for their own personal safety is subordinated to their desire for adventure, excitement and fabulously high pay."

He was said to be receiving pay of \$2,000 (£714) a month. Mrs. Boyson, who said she had been forced into an earlier joint custody agreement, was granted a temporary custody order. A temporary order preventing the boy from being taken outside California was granted pending a hearing for a permanent decision.—Reuter.

## Indecent Pictures Seized

Melbourne, July 8. Customs officers here disclosed today that they had seized quantities of "negatives and prints from Japanese freighters as part of their campaign to suppress the importation or sale of indecent photographs and literature."

An officer said the Customs also seized nearly 1,000 prints and more than 500 negatives from one German migrant.

Other articles taken from migrants included pistols, knuckled-knives and whips.—China Mail Special.

## NO PERMITS RECEIVED SAYS PEKING

London, July 8.

The departure of three American prisoners of war from the Korean War who renounced their earlier decision to stay in China has been "postponed" because they have not yet received "permits" from the Hongkong authorities," the Communist New China News agency reported today.

The agency said the Americans—Lewis W. Griggs, William A. Cowart and Otho G. Bell—were "still waiting in Canton for permits to enter Hongkong."

The agency in an interview with the Red Cross Society of China said up to 6 p.m. today (Friday) no word has been received from the Hongkong authorities granting permission for the Americans to enter the colony "and consequently the departure of the three ex-UN soldiers had to be postponed."

## Austria To Get Back Oil Fields

Vienna, July 8. The Austrian government announced tonight that Austria-Soviet negotiations in Moscow for the return of Austrian oil fields controlled by the Russians had been completed.

An agreement would be signed next Monday. The negotiations also dealt with the handing back of former German assets in Austria seized by the Russians and the fixing of goods in which payment should be made for their return to an Austrian delegation which arrived in Moscow on June 1 to work out details following signing of the Austrian independence treaty in Vienna by the Big Four powers in May.

Agreement to hand back the oil fields, the former German assets and the Donbas Shipping Company's properties in Austria, was made in April when Chancellor Julius Raab, Vice-Chancellor Adolf Schaerf, and Foreign Minister Leopold Figl conferred with the Soviet government in Moscow.—Reuter.

## Napoleonic Law Broken

Le Havre, July 8. The public prosecutor here has sent back the 1954 birth registers to mayors of villages under his jurisdiction with a sharp reminder that they were breaking a Napoleonic law by authorising Christian names not chosen from the calendar or taken from the bible or ancient history.

The law has never been repealed but there was no greater rush to change names. Napoleon's Law provided no legal penalties.—China Mail Special.

## Anxiety Over Laos Fighting

### State Dept Awaits Further Reports

Washington, July 8.

The State Department was today anxiously awaiting further reports of the scale of fighting in Laos as an indication whether the attackers were making a serious attempt against the Laotian Government.

A United States official, noting that reports had mentioned "massive" and "severe" fighting, said:

"These terms may be only relative to the size of the forces involved. But if the attacking Communist forces are in any way sizeable, it may mean that a serious situation has arisen with the Vietnam Communists from North Vietnam assisting the Communist Pathet Lao group in Laos in seizing control."

A formal report from Mr. Charles Yount, the United States Envoy to Laos, is expected to reach Washington from the Laotian capital of Vientiane later today.

### VULNERABLE

Laos is officially regarded here as one of the most vulnerable points to Communist penetration in the area covered by the eight-nation Southeast Asian Defence Treaty.

Informed sources said SEATO defence planners have recently devoted much time to planning for the eventualities of Communist subversion in Laos. The Premier of Thailand, Field Marshal Phibul Songram, during his recent visit to Washington, estimated that if the Communists attempted further expansion in Southeast Asia, they would probably move against Laos.

First press reports said that upwards of three battalions of Communists had attacked in the province of San Neua, long dominated by the Pathet Lao. It was unofficially estimated here that the Laotian Government, led by Mr. Katha Sasorith, could field only about 25,000 fighting men and would be hard pressed if the well-trained Vietnamese forces lent weight to the attack.

Official intelligence reports from that area recently have said that seasoned Vietnamese officers had been training and now probably commanded the Pathet Lao units.

Diplomatic sources here remembered that at the Afro-Asian conference at Bandung, the Vietnamese Foreign Minister, Mr. Pham Van Dong, had given the Laotian representative assurances that the Vietnam would not interfere in Laos' internal affairs, which the Vietnam considered to include the problem of the Pathet Lao group.

Further it was recalled under the Geneva armistice agreement ending the Indo-China war, the Vietnamese recognised the Katha Government as the ruler of Laos. Therefore, observers here were inclined to believe that Vietnam would not openly, at this time, fling its armed weight into an effort to put the leader of the Pathet Lao, Prince Souphanna Phong, into power in Vientiane.—China Mail Special.

## China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:  
P. 5: Flight To Glory, our new serial begins.  
P. 6: Gideon Goes To War, part three, by Leonard Molesley.  
P. 7: Did It Happen, by Ernest Dudley: Sherpa Tenzing's story of the ascent of Mount Everest.  
P. 8: Not all famous men are from Elton, by Jean Craigie.  
P. 9: Week-end Woman.  
P. 13: Sir Beverly Baxter's article.  
P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

## Einstein Peace Plan To Be Disclosed

London, July 9.

A plan for peace sponsored by Dr. Albert Einstein just before his death last April will be revealed to the world here today.

Correspondents from many countries will crowd a public hall to hear the final views of the great scientist on the atom and hydrogen bombs.

Bertrand Russell, the 82-year-old British philosopher, has carefully chosen the moment for divulging the contents of the document—the eye of the crucial "big four" meeting at Geneva between Russia and the Western powers.

He will announce plans for using the statement, signed by Einstein and seven other scientists of international fame—as the foundation of a new peace formula.

### GREAT INTEREST

The world-wide interest aroused has been so great that the philosopher has been forced to hire a much bigger hall than the one originally booked.

Though contents of the statement are so far secret, it is likely its aim will be to impress on world politicians the view of the scientists that war can no longer be an instrument of policy.

The use of hydrogen bombs will be disastrous to all sides and can mean universal death for the human race.

### LIKELY PROPOSAL

One proposal for peace which Bertrand Russell will probably put forward is that two neutral nations such as India and Sweden should investigate and draw up a detailed report on the ruin which would be brought about by a third world war.

Copies of the report would be forwarded to all governments likely to be involved in a war and they should be invited to concur in its findings.

This plan is known to have been in the forefront of the philosopher's mind for the last year. He has been in touch with world scientists about it and also with the King of Sweden and the Prime Ministers of Sweden and India.—China Mail Special.

## Death Of Prominent HK Businessman

### MR. HOLGER DREYER

By the death in the early hours of this morning of Mr. Holger Dreyer, Hongkong lost an old and highly respected resident.

Mr. Dreyer passed away at the Matilda Hospital where he had been since July 1 following a serious accident at his home.

Mr. Dreyer, aged 88, and Managing Director of Dreyer and Company, was one of the leading members of the Danish community of Hongkong.

Before coming to the Far East, Mr. Dreyer was an officer in the Royal Danish Guards.

He arrived in Hongkong in 1912 to join the firm of Skott and Co. He was in North China for a time and later joined Shewan, Tomes and Co., Ltd.

In 1948 he founded his present firm in the Colony.

Mr. Dreyer was a keen sportsman, being an Interport rower and yachtsman. He stroked the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club and the Victoria Recreation Club crews on several occasions.

Prior to the war he was a gunner in the 2nd Battery of the Hongkong Volunteer Defence Corps. He fought in the defence of Hongkong and during the war years was interned in Shanshuipo Camp.

In March, 1952, Mr. Dreyer had the unusual honour of being created a Knight of the Order of Dannebrog by His Majesty King Frederick of Denmark.

Very few people outside military or civil service rank have received the Order, which dates back to the 17th century.

Mr. Dreyer is survived by two sons, one of whom is in Copenhagen and the other in Rio de Janeiro.

## Killers To Die

Washington, July 8. Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter refused today to stay the execution of three killers scheduled to die tomorrow night in the Sing Sing electric chair. Lawyers for the doomed trio said they have exhausted their possibilities here and are returning to New York to decide on their next move.

Justice Hugo L. Black had refused a stay earlier in the day. There are no other Supreme Court Justices in Washington at present.—United Press.

## Boy Meets Girl

Lahore, July 8. A centenarian in the little town of Shadival today married a man ten years her junior. Grandchildren and grand-in-laws attended the wedding.

The bride—a widow for the last 50 years—was 100 years old while her much-married bridegroom—this is his fifth marriage—was 90.

A band attended the ceremony, and shops remained closed all day. The entire town celebrated the marriage, as well as it might. Shadival in English means "celebrating marriage".—France-Press.



MR. DREYER

## Woman Hatches Out Chickens

Pavia, Italy, July 8. A 38-year-old peasant woman today hatched out a nestful of chickens in her bed.

The woman, Angela Livizzi, distressed that the death of a hen should result in the loss of potential chickens, decided to hatch the eggs herself.

She placed them in the centre of her warm feather-bed and lay down beside them, careful not to crush them.

Angela stayed in bed with the eggs, hardly moving, for a week, then today, as she dozed, she heard familiar sounds and shortly afterwards a batch of sturdy chicks were hatching inside her.—France-Press.

## CASABLANCA INCIDENTS

Casablanca, July 8. Two persons were killed in a series of incidents in Casablanca today. An agricultural labourer, Si Ahmed Caid Madani, was shot dead in the new Medina.

While a bomb exploded under a trolley in the middle of the market at 11 a.m. this morning, when one person was killed and several wounded.

Early this afternoon, in the new Medina at Casablanca, a Moroccan, challenged by the police, opened fire and the Moroccan was seriously injured. He was taken to hospital.—France-Press.

## Wines for the connoisseur...



## HARVEYS

OF BRISTOL  
THE SUPPLIERS OF THE FAMOUS SHERRIES  
"BRISTOL MILK," "BRISTOL DRY" AND  
"BRISTOL CREAM"

Sole Agents  
CALDBECK'S



SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

## For Smoother Riding!

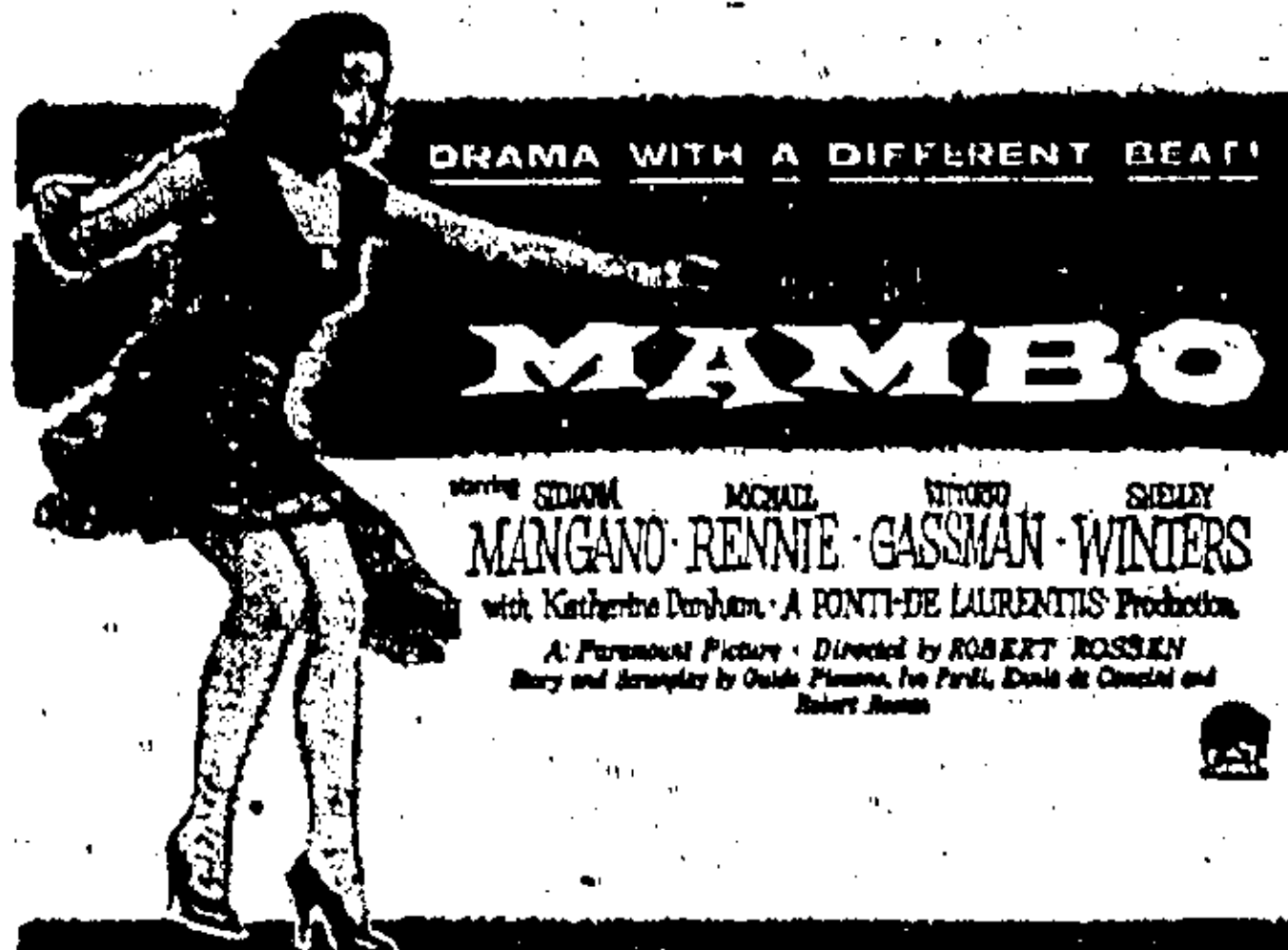




## KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 &amp; 9.30 p.m. | AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m. | AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m.

## 4 SHOWS TO-DAY



ADDED: LATEST BRITISH PARAMOUNT NEWS WIMBLEDON FINALS — HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA

## MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m. | EMPIRE at 11.00 a.m.

Walt Disney's  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
(12 Reels)

AT REDUCED PRICES

## KING'S

TO-MORROW  
AT 11.30 A.M.

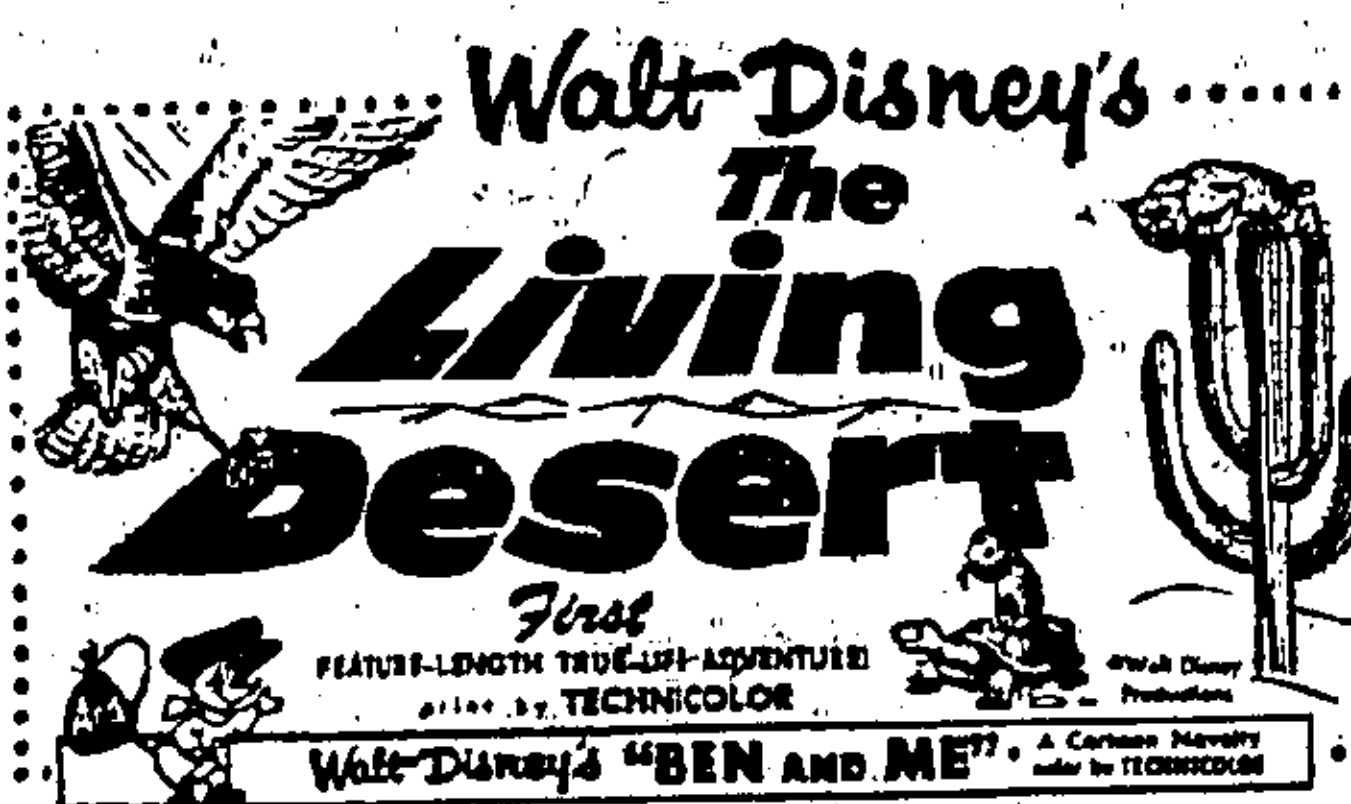
## A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE

BHAGWAN and BABURAO in an INDIAN MUSICAL

## "AFLATOON"

Admissions: \$1.50, \$2.40 &amp; \$3.50

## ★ NEXT CHANGE ★



TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

A LIFE &amp; LOVE STORY OF A WORLD FAMOUS TENOR!

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA • ERMANNO RANDI



An Italian Film — English Version

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.00 NOON

20th Century-Fox presents

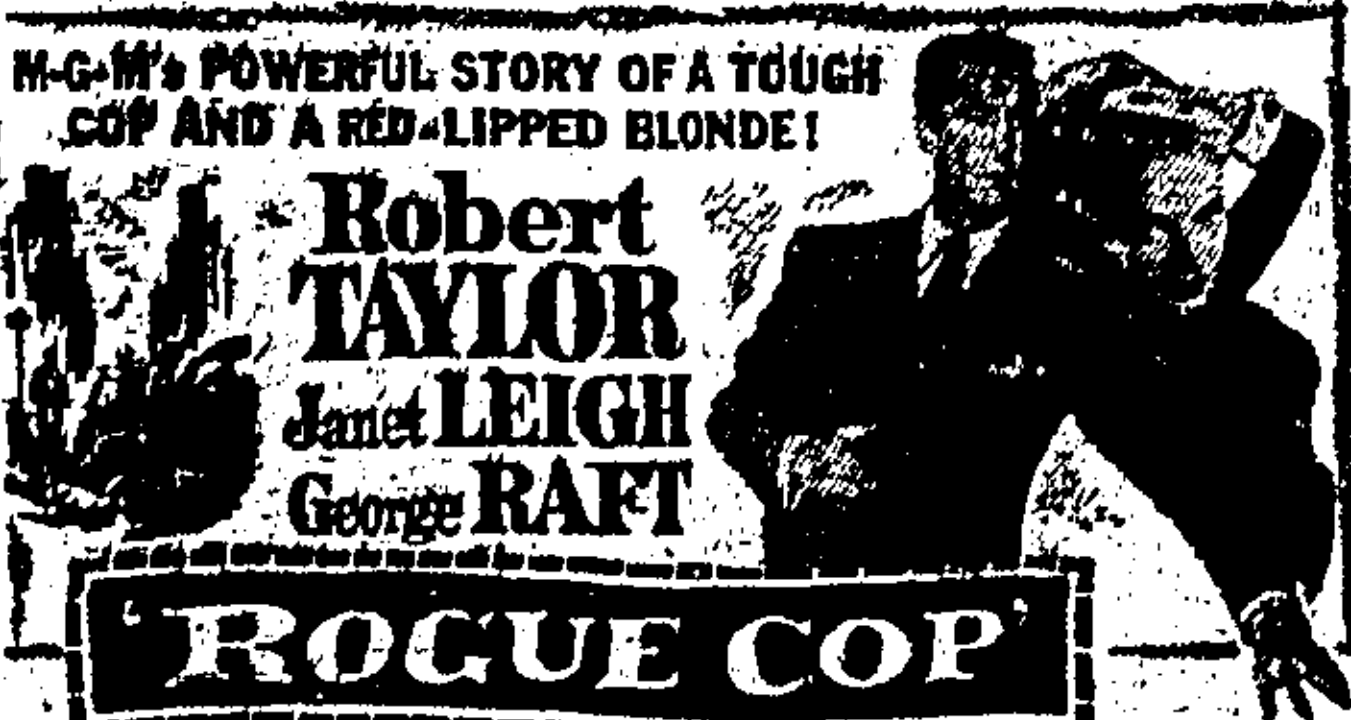
MIGHTY MOUSE COLOUR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 &amp; 70 Cts.

## HOOVER LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 50385

NOW PLAYING 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m.

With Perspecta  
Stereophonic Sound

BY SPECIAL REQUEST! ONE SHOW ONLY!!!

SUNDAY AT 12.00 NOON

Charles Dickens' "A TALE OF TWO CITIES"  
Starring Ronald Colman — Elizabeth Allan

Admission Prices: \$3.50, \$2.40 and \$1.50

For Students: \$1.50 to any part of house

## FILMS

Current & Coming  
BY JANE ROBERTSThe New Films At A Glance  
SHOWING

**EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS:** "Mambo". A slum girl from Venice finds ultimate happiness in a dancing career after two bad cases of heartbreak. Silvana Mangano, Vittorio Gassman, Shelley Winters and Michael Rennie.

**HOOVER and LIBERTY:** "Rogue Cop". Gangsters bribe a policeman but get more than they bargained for. Robert Taylor, George Raft and Janet Leigh.

**LEE:** "The Young Caruso". The early life and struggles of the famous tenor. Gina Lollobrigida and Eramanno Randi, with the voice of Mario del Monaco.

**NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD:** "The Man Who Loved Redheads". An innocent husband who always falls for the same type of woman. John Justin, Moira Shearer and Roland Culver.

**QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:** "The Sea Chase". The fabulous voyage of a German ship on the run for 20,000 miles. John Wayne and Lana Turner.

**ROXY and BROADWAY:** "Buffalo Bill". A western with Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West show as the climax. Joel McCrea, Maureen O'Hara and Linda Darnell.

## COMING

**EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS:** "The Living Desert". Walt Disney's carnival of animals and birds filmed in colour against beautiful scenery.

**HOOVER and LIBERTY:** "Bear Brummel". The rise and fall of the Prince of Wales' favourite. Stewart Granger, Peter Ustinov and Elizabeth Taylor.

**LEE:** "Wyoming Renegade". A western. Phil Carey and Martha Hyer.

**NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD:** "Fort Vengeance". A western. James Craig, Keith Larsen and Rita Moreno.

**ROXY and BROADWAY:** "Yolanda". A swashbuckler. Marc Lawrence and May Britt.

**Present day piracy filmed in Hongkong.** Clark Gable and Susan Hayward.

In this case, John Justin, a young Foreign Office official with a brilliant future predicted for him, discovers that his type is of the red-headed, lively, Moira Shearer variety.

"In spite of the eminently suitable marriage he contracts with a lady we don't see until she has grown old and who, needless to say is not the Shearer type, he decides to make the best of two worlds and have the comfort of a home, a hostess and a son, while taking his more frivolous pleasures in a little flat with whose owner he has an arrangement."

The friend is Roland Culver and his asperity and earthy wisdom quite put to shame John Justin's sentimental vapourings. I found Justin rather a foppish character altogether. Far from being the gay philanderer with a twinkle in his eye and a penchant for pretty women, he seemed to be a hypocritical, weak character, too easily taken in by a pretty face and inflated by soft delusion into thinking he was no end of a dashing fellow.

Moira Shearer brings a completely different approach to each of the many redheads who portray her in the film, but she is too pleasant and girl-next-doorish to produce much more than a small flame on the screen.

The biggest joke of all is given, at the end of the film, to Gladys Cooper, but I won't anticipate it for you.

## Gina Lollobrigida AND Caruso

You should take a look at "The Young Caruso" if you enjoy hearing the voice of the well-known singer Mario del Monaco and like resting your eyes on the almost flawless features of lovely Gina Lollobrigida.

## John Wayne As Herr Kapitan

"The Sea Chase" was a most enthralling book describing the long 20,000-mile voyage of Captain Ehrlich and his crew from Sydney to the North Sea.

So gallant and courageous was the captain that in spite of the fact that he was pursued doggedly the whole way by one or other ship of the Royal Navy (the events took place during the '39-'45 war and Ehrlich was German) one's entire sympathy was with him to the very end.

A film has been made of the book, with John Wayne as Captain Ehrlich and David Farrar as his pursuer. It's some time since I read it, but I vaguely remember a girl having been on the boat somewhere—a girl however, nothing like as gorgeous as Lana Turner.

With Miss Turner in the part, naturally the emphasis is placed less on the chase itself than on her relations with John Wayne and the rest of the crew, which includes Lyle Bettger—bad as usual—and Tab Hunter.

"The Sea Chase" is playing at the Queen's and Alhambra.

## A Weakness For Redheads

The trouble with "The Man Who Loved Redheads" is that, for the purposes of entertainment he loved too many.

Terence Rattigan might have been extremely witty, scripting for three, but too many variations on the same theme have exhausted the ideas of even his clever playwright.

The picture is based on the play "Who Is Sylvia?" which in spite of the title of the film is in reality an essay on constancy. Not the constancy that moves one man and one woman to stick together without deviation for the whole of their lives, but the constancy of a man to the type that, with minor alterations, will always attract him.

## Coming Great Attraction!



BEAU BRUMMELL  
GRANGER-TAYLOR-USTINOV-MORLEY

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

## SHOWING TO-DAY



JOHN WAYNE • LANA TURNER



WARNERCOLOR CINEMASCOPE STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND

## TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S | ALHAMBRA

5 SHOWS | AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

"THE SEA CHASE" | WB's CinemaScope Hi!

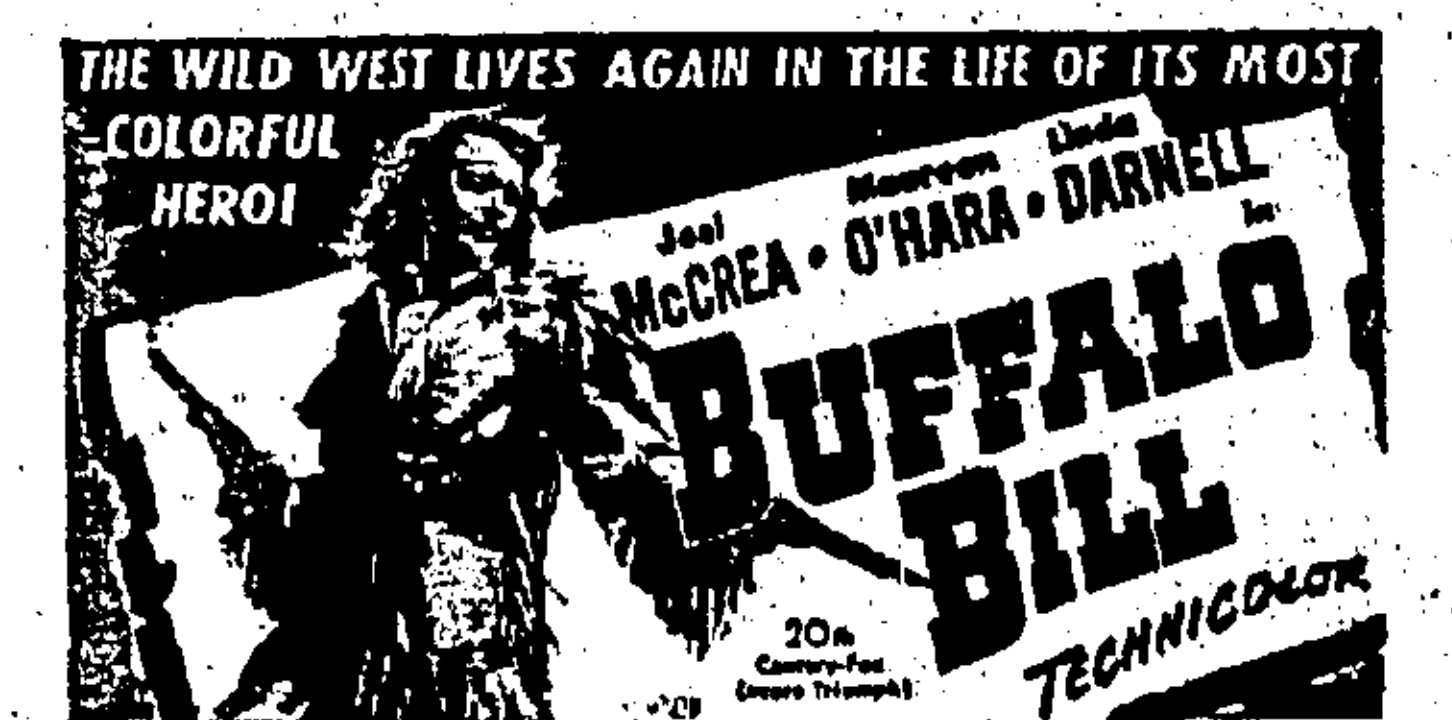
AT 11.30 A.M. | with Guy Madison

REDUCED PRICES!

## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

## SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.



## TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon | BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.

A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Presented by Paramount Pictures

Reduced Admission

Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 &amp; 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 &amp; 70 Cts.

## CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.



KIRK DOUGLAS • JEANNE CRAIN • CLAIRE TREVOR

MAN WITHOUT A STAR

Technicolor

Sunday Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m.

Gary Cooper, Grace Kelly in "HIGH NOON"

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

ELIA KAZAN PRODUCTION

JOHN STEINBECK'S

EAST OF EDEN

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

ALIE HARRIS • JAMES DEAN • RAYMOND JUSSEY

RAYMOND JUSSEY FILMS

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

LONDON FILM PRESENTS

MOIRA SHEARER • JOHN JUSTIN • ROLAND CULVER

THE MAN WHO LOVED REDHEADS

GLADYS COOPER • DENHOLM ELLIOTT

DISTRIBUTED BY UNITED ARTISTS

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: 3 Stages Comedy &amp; Cartoons

GREAT WORLD: Fox Technicolor Cartoons

ORIENTAL AIR CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

4-Track Directional Stereophonic Sound! Wide Screen!

JOHN STEINBECK'S

EAST OF EDEN

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

ALIE HARRIS • JAMES DEAN • RAYMOND JUSSEY

RAYMOND JUSSEY FILMS

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW 12.30

Stewart Granger &amp; Janet Leigh in "SCARAMOUCH"



## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## TWO AMAZING OPERATIONS

### DOG'S LUNG KEPT HIM ALIVE

### Heart Split Open 'Like A Pork Chop'

Minneapolis.

A dog's lung kept a 13-year-old boy alive while a University of Minnesota surgeon closed three small holes in his heart.

For 15 minutes he worked in the boy's "dry heart," while the dog's lung kept his blood supplied with oxygen.

The dramatic new technique, another "first" by university doctors in this type of operation, was revealed at a news conference.

The boy, Calvin Richmond of Pine Bluff, Ark., was operated on a few days ago. Now he is reported in "good condition."

Injured in a truck accident last August, Calvin had been given a year to live by University of Arkansas doctors unless the holes could be closed.

#### Dry Surgery

He was flown to the University of Minnesota last week because of the institution's success in "dry heart" surgery, first in a "deep freeze" technique and more recently in a revolutionary cross-circulation operation.

Until "dry surgery" was perfected, surgeons literally had to "work blind" in the heart, feeling their way. With the heart free of blood, they can see what they're doing.

The earlier "deep freeze" technique kept the heart dry only a few minutes.

#### Blueprint Of A Dream

### This Flying Saucer Was Real

New York.

There weren't any creatures from Mars aboard as a miniature "flying saucer" rose from a cow pasture into the sky.

The saucer was real, too. But it was unpowered.

It soared quickly to 2,000 feet and cruised over some disinterested cattle. When the engine sputtered, the saucer floated back to earth where it was hastily covered from prying eyes by its inventors, Robert and Norman Day.

The flight was one of many the Day brothers have completed successfully with scale-model "saucers" at their secret testing grounds here. One day they hope to be aboard a saucer of their own design when it leaves the pasture.

#### Strange Little Beings

Right now they are trying to achieve with balsa wood, paper and tin engines a replica of the huge circular craft which Robert dreamed two years ago landed in his backyard. Robert awoke just as some strange little beings clambered out and ran toward him. Instead of calling a psychiatrist, the 47-year-old sign painter reached for a pad and sketched all he could remember about the imaginary saucer, he said.

Robert showed the sketch to Norman, a 52-year-old carpenter who built model aeroplanes as a hobby, and they have been working on "saucers" ever since.

"In the process," said Norman, "we think we've discovered a new aerodynamic principle. We call it Gyroscopic flight."

#### Jet Power

Their latest model, the "Martian," is 30 inches in diameter and looks like a flying wagon wheel. Fearing someone will steal their ideas, the Days don't give much detail how it works. But they said the power comes from either a small jet engine or a gasoline engine hitched to a propeller blade in the "hub" of the wheel.

Plans making the "spokes" of the wheel allow the saucer to keep on spinning after the fuel runs out so it will float down.

The Days said they have an improved model in the works which can rise vertically, hover or move off in any direction at high speed.

Drawings of a full-scale "flying saucer" have been registered by the pair—United Press.

A 31-year-old doctor of surgery, Gilbert Campbell, perfected the latest operation. He told newsmen that to his knowledge it was the first time human blood had been pumped through an animal lung with success.

#### 100 Experiments

Dr Campbell said he began work on the technique about nine months ago and about 100 animal experiments preceded the first human operation.

The patient died, Dr Campbell said, because the defect in his heart was "impossible to close."

"But we were convinced the operation would work," he said.

Calvin's mother was given the choice of the cross-circulation or dog lung operation. She chose the latter.

Dr Campbell said the cross-circulation operation was similar to the dog-lung method, except that a human donor's heart circulates the patient's blood as well as his own. A mechanical pump acts as an artificial heart in the dog lung method, feeding the blood into the dog lung.

In the dog's lung, about the size of an inflated football, the blood is supplied with oxygen and returned to the patient's body "as near normal as when it left," Dr Campbell said.

#### Main Barrier

The lung is removed from the dog about an hour before the operation, the doctor said.

Dr Campbell, a Korean war veteran, said other animal lungs had been tried, such as that of a pig, but they proved unsatisfactory.

"Our main barrier was getting the blood through the dog's lung," Dr Campbell said.

The lung and mechanical pump are placed side by side about six feet from the patient, he said. The lung rises and falls as oxygen is pumped into it by a member of the surgical team who must watch the lung at all times during the operation.—United Press.

### Dodgers Not Playing The Game

## CONSCIENCE MONEY FLOOD BECOMES A TRICKLE

London.

Tax collectors reported a decline today in the number of consciences being stricken among British tax dodgers.

The Board of Inland Revenue still dutifully inserts "thank you" notices in "The Times" whenever conscience drives a coward to pay up—anonymous—what he owes.

The classified columns of this week's "Times" included the following: "The Board of Inland Revenue acknowledge receipt of £160 conscience money from XYZ."

"Just a drop in the bucket compared with the old days," an Inland Revenue spokesman explained. "We once had a man who couldn't sleep at nights and who used to mail us £1,000 notes."

#### Render To Caesar

Another insomniac, he said, sent along the taxes he escaped with an anonymous letter citing the biblical reference to rendering to Caesar. All money arrives at the Treasury in Bank of England notes without a clue to the sender's identity.

The spokesman quoted statistics on money turned in anonymously to support his sad conclusion that there is an eclipse of conscience where it clashes with the wallet: 1928—£24,000, 1942—£24,100, 1953-1954 fiscal year £2,792.

#### Sporting Chance

True to British tradition the tax hunters give the dodger a sportsman's chance. "We never try to trace where the money comes from through

### Heart Split Open 'Like A Pork Chop'

Chicago.

Mrs Lorraine Mackowiak's cheeks were red, her feet were warm, and she didn't feel like fainting this week for the first time in her life.

This was because of an unprecedented operation in which she was put in a "frozen sleep" and her heart was stopped twice for a total of 16 minutes.

Mrs Mackowiak, 25, was released from Wesley Memorial Hospital, completely recovered from the daring, two-stage operation in which her heart was sliced open "like a pork chop."

Mrs Mackowiak had spent her life with two muscle bands which ordinarily disappear before birth clamped on the right ventricle of her heart.

The flow of blood to her lungs was cut down, leaving her pale and feeling like fainting most of the time.

#### In A Cold Blanket

A team of five surgeons and 12 assistants started the operation on Mrs Mackowiak by giving her drugs which disconnect the brain's temperature thermostat. Then she was wrapped in a blanket through which a refrigerant flowed.

Her body temperature dropped from 98.6 to 80 degrees and she sank into a state of semi-hibernation.

The surgeons were then able to clamp off the veins and arteries at the heart and to work in a dry field.

Mrs Mackowiak's heart was split open "like a pork-chop," a surgeon said, and in four-and-a-half minutes the first muscle band was removed. The woman's heart was stopped during this period, and doctors needed four minutes of massage and drugs to bring it back to life.

#### A Second Time

The heart was then sewn up and beat normally for 45 minutes. Then it was cut open again and the second band was cut. Once again, the heart was stopped and four minutes were needed to revive it.

It was believed to be the first time in medical history that two such bands had been removed in the same operation in an open, dry field.

Mrs Mackowiak showed no signs of her ordeal when she returned to her husband and year-old son.

"I've never had this much pep before in my life," she said.

## OPENING UP THE FABULOUS GOLD COFFERS OF YEMEN

Cairo.

The hoarded gold and silver treasures of Yemen are opening up to set the Arabian people on the road to modern economic prosperity.

Crown Prince and Prime Minister Seif El-Islam El-Badr said the old chests of Beit El-Mal—the "House of Money," or state treasury—would be opened soon to finance new economic projects designed to increase national production and raise the standard of living among the people.

The youthful heir-apparent, who saved his father's throne by rallying friendly tribes against his rebellious uncle, Seif El-Islam Abdullah, said the amount of the hoarded gold and silver treasures was a closed secret.

But Yemeni quarters here estimated the amount between 100,000,000 and 200,000,000 silver Maria Theresa thalers—the equivalent of £25,000,000 to £50,000,000.

#### Saved Millions

A spokesman of the Yemeni Embassy in Cairo said the hoards had remained untouched since the assassination of Imam Yehya, father of present King Ahmed, in 1948. They are kept in safes at the Salhira (Rock) Palace on a stone hill outside the old capital of Sana'a.

They were collected through long years of the ruling Mutawakkil dynasty, during which the Yemen's isolationist policy in foreign affairs and

traditionalist policy at home had resulted in continued shrinkage of state expenditures.

This policy was specially pursued by Imam Yehya, who managed to save millions both for the state and for himself. His own fortune at his death amounted to 1,230,000 gold sovereigns.

This private wealth was distributed among the Imam's thirteen sons and four daughters. According to Moslem law, the heirs get equal sums, except that the son receives twice as much as the daughter. Each son received 92,000 sovereigns, and each daughter 46,000.

#### A Poor Man

In contrast to his father, present King Ahmed is a poor man. He is generous with money gifts to the tribesmen, and hardly anything remains from the monthly salary he receives from the state. This generous attitude, which forms part of his friendly policy toward the tribesmen, has stood him in good stead at his darkest hour, when the tribesmen took up arms to defend his throne against his ambitious brother Seif El-Islam Abdullah.

On the other hand Abdullah, who was beheaded last month for his abortive coup, had been able to amass a large personal wealth. While serving as foreign minister, he carried out extensive commercial transactions with foreign countries. He had a Lebanese aide who managed his business affairs.

Abdullah's fortune is not yet known, as it is scattered in foreign banks in France, Britain, the United States, Lebanon, and Egypt. The Yemeni government has asked these banks for accounts of Abdullah's deposits. Abdullah's heirs are his mother, brother, and sister. However, the law of Islam will be applied first on Abdullah's

## WHY HE GREW A BEARD

Winnipeg.

Peter Pinney, 32, a footloose Australian now exploring his fourth continent, finds a beard is associated today with a nefarious mind.

"The only reason I'm wearing it is to save me the monotony of shaving every morning," he said here recently on his way to Alaska on the Mackenzie River. "Canadians show such interesting reactions (to a beard) that I've decided to keep it. I had intended to do away with it when I landed in Montreal in April."

Pinney, whose beard is curly and black, said one man stopped him on a Winnipeg street and asked him the reason for it. When he answered that it was because he failed to find pleasure in shaving, the man asked for his autograph.

#### Dangerous Character

He said that was slightly different from the reactions of others who jump to the conclusion he is a "dangerous character."

Pinney has been travelling since his World War II days in the Australian Army. He worked, walked and rode his way through Europe and Asia and back to his home "near Sydney."

Two weeks later he was off through Africa and eventually to Lapland. Later in London he wrote two books on his travels.

He believes in travelling light. He dresses to suit the occasion and carries only a sleeping bag and a few incidentals.—United Press.

## CIGARETTES WITHOUT TOBACCO

Genoa.

It all seems like a Scotch and soda without Scotch but Dr Angelo Chiazuzzi insists his invention of "Anti-tobacco" is the remedy for smokers.

At the International Medical Congress, held here recently, Chiazuzzi reported on this invention of his. He said it was non-toxic and contained no nicotine and in fact it was just an "illusion" for it wasn't even tobacco at all.

"Anti-tobacco" is made up of aromatic leaves principally and specially cured creating the appearance and aroma of tobacco. Dr Chiazuzzi said the formula would remain secret until patent rights came through. The formula has attracted the benevolent claims of the product with the Genoa Medical Society.

Dr Chiazuzzi worked on his invention after the startling results of the "cause-and-effect" relationship between cigarette smoking and lung cancer. He is convinced smoking greatly affects the lung and has spent considerable time and thorough research on the effect of smoking not only to the lungs but other parts of the human body as well.

#### A Big Drop

The Genoa doctor claims a big drop occurred in Italy in tobacco consumption immediately after the first results of the cigarette smoking-lung cancer survey. Cigarette smokers either stopped smoking altogether or greatly reduced the number of cigarettes they smoked a day partly from fear of the dreaded disease and partly from a genuine interest for their health.

But the lure of nicotine or the stronger habit breaks all these fine resolutions. It was necessary to get around this "obstacle" by offering something of a substitute. Hence Dr Chiazuzzi's "Anti-tobacco."

Dr Chiazuzzi hopes to have his invention marketed by the State monopoly. He said that "Anti-tobacco" not being tobacco it could be made quite openly and sold in drug-stores without infringing on the State law against private manufacturing. However Dr Chiazuzzi said he would prefer the State to take it over because of the benefit it would bring to the Italian nation.—United Press.

### Spain Wants More Tourists

Madrid.

Spanish officials are doing everything they can to raise the annual tourist influx to the 3,000,000 mark.

Last year the tourist figure was around 2,000,000, and this year there has been an unprecedented demand for hotel rooms. To help cope with the new flood of visitors, and to give them the type of accommodation they are seeking the municipal authorities of Madrid in the south-east corner of Spain are paying out 20,000,000 pesetas for a new hotel which will have tennis courts, swimming pool, a golf course and a bowling alley.—United Press.



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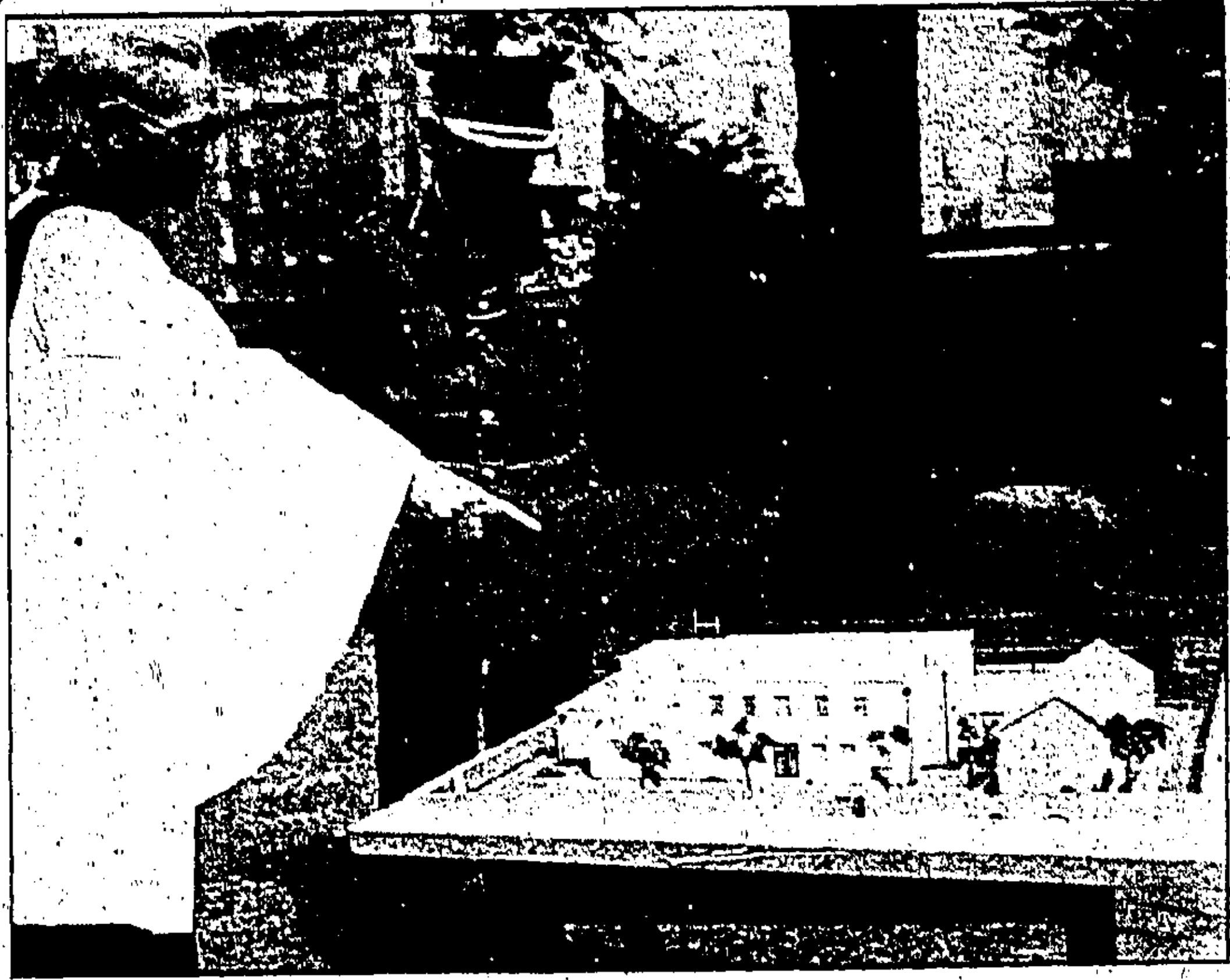


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NEXT CHANGE AT KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE



# • HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



FIELD Marshal Viscount Montgomery laid the foundation stone of the Bishop Montgomery Memorial Hall, to be built in memory of his father next to "St Mark's" Vicarage, Kennington, where the eminent soldier was born. Bishop Montgomery was Vicar there from 1879-89. The present Vicar, the Rev. H. W. Bird, discussing the model with the Field Marshal.



LEFT: Mary Harkin, schoolgirl Mayoress of Batley, Yorkshire, who took three and a half hours the other day to snake nans with 500 people at a reception. She didn't mind, as it meant a holiday from her school in Leeds. She was chosen to be the town's first lady by her uncle, bachelor Councillor James Harkin. (Express)



LEFT: Ten-year-old Kit Gresswell, who but for a marvel of science would not be alive, cuddling his two-week-old brother, Timothy, who but for a marvel of science would not be alive either. Both might have died within days of birth because they were "Rhesus negative" babies. But delicate operations gave them a new supply of blood and life. Their parents live on Hinksey Hill Farm, near Oxford. (Express)

BELOW: Forestry worker Henry Levermore, of Fort William, Scotland, had a dispute with the Forestry Commission. To draw attention to it, he rode his gelding, Robin, on a 590-mile journey to London to take his papers to Mr. Neil McLean, Tory MP for Inverness, who promised to look into the case. They are seen outside the Houses of Parliament. (Express)



THE Crazy Gang, Britain's zaniest vaudeville team, at a Savoy Hotel party celebrating their 10,000th performance. (Express)



AT the conclusion of their official visit to England, King Hussein of Jordan and Queen Dina were guests of honour at a reception given by the Jordan Ambassador at Claridges Hotel, London. Queen Dina chatting to guests. (Express)



ELIMINATION shoots for the Army Rifle Association championships have been taking place on the Bisley ranges. Attracting a great deal of attention is Cpl Joe Clausen, of the Coldstream Guards, who is accompanied on the ranges by his Boxer pup, Fly.



ONE of the few Russian women who have been allowed to marry foreigners and leave the country is now in London with her two daughters. She is Mrs Elizabeth Antonova, who married an American furniture designer from Miami. He will join them soon. She is seen with her two daughters, Natasha, 17 (left) and Olga, 22. (Express).



ROBERT FORD, radio operator for the Tibetan Government, who was captured when the Chinese Communists entered the territory and who subsequently spent five years in a Red prison, seen with his mother in London. (Express)

## NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

**BLACK MAGIC**  
ASSORTED  
CHOCOLATES



## THIS MODERN AGE COMES TO AFRICA!

By Gavin Gordon

Leopoldville. All over Africa, and here in the Belgian Congo in particular, the cry of the moment is for electricity — and more electricity. It is a modern cry coming fast on the heels of the old untamed Africa and it shows that the way of the West is seeping through this vast Continent to such an extent that the big day-dream of thousands is for an all-electric home.

In order to make this day-dream a reality and in order to put electricity not only into the African home but—more important at present—into the mushrooming industries that are showing an astonishing appetite for this particular power source, millions upon millions of kilowatts are to be conjured from the roaring waters of Africa's multitudinous rivers that run vein-like across this waking continent.

There is, for instance, the Zongo Falls hurling their spume into the air and casting great tree-trunks into a 200 ft. abyss. Eighteen thousand cubic feet of water pass over the falls every second—not a big flow as tropical waterfalls go but more than sufficient to drive the turbo-alternators which will soon supply power to this Congo city of Leopoldville.

### ALMOST DOUBLE

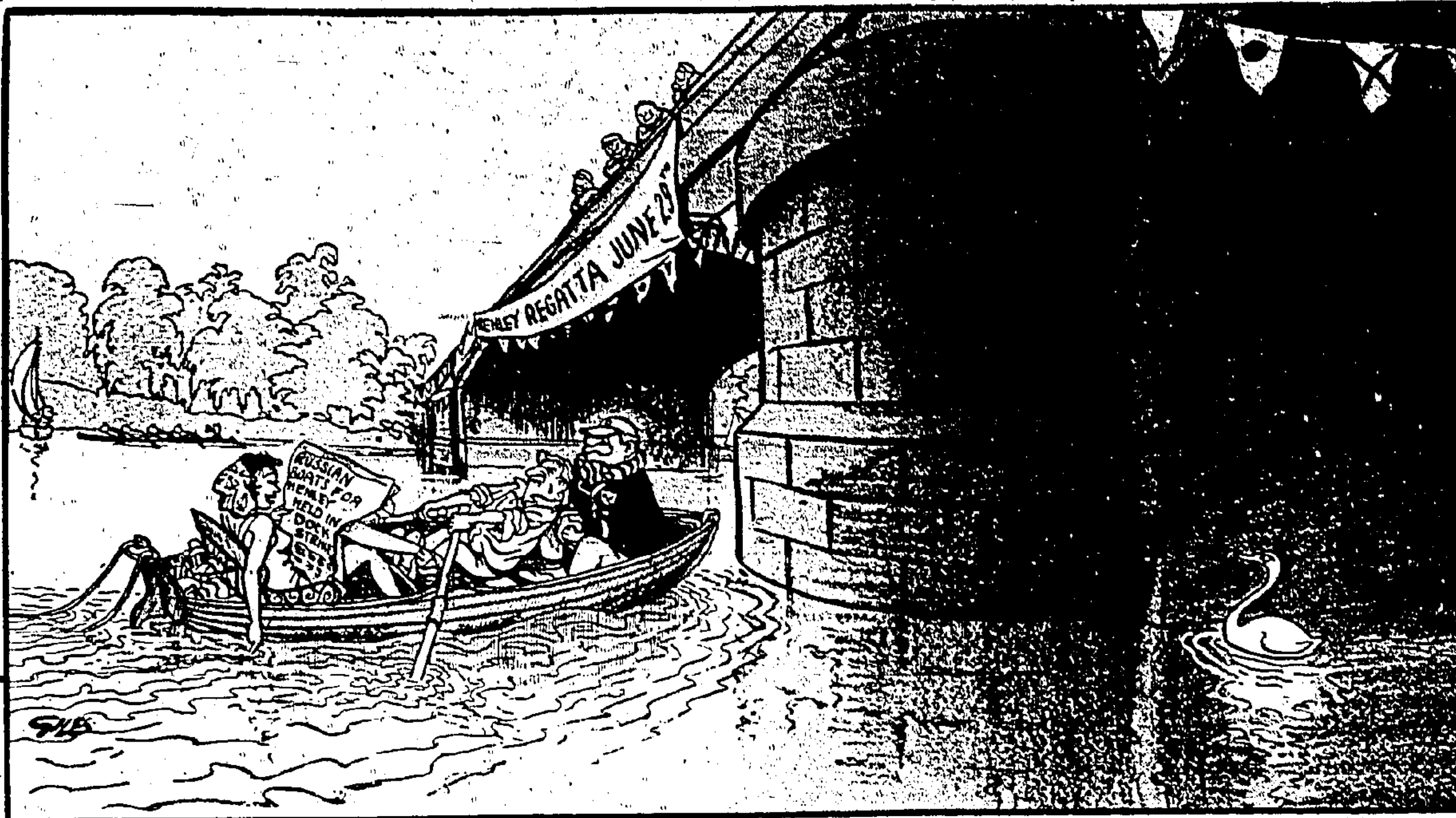
At this moment work is also starting on the nearby Zongo 2 Falls, which will be rated at 100,000 kilowatts — almost double the rating of Zongo 1.

Such is the picture all over Africa, except that in the Belgian Congo the picture is forming more rapidly than anywhere else.

Not long ago the growing and transport of raw cotton was thought work enough for the negro; today he gets it and spins it, he weaves it on the latest-pattern automatic looms; he makes bandages and now he is making shirts and singlets and underwear.

### ALL-ELECTRIC

This, however, is not the whole story; for world industrial leaders are planning to come to Africa to make electric power and to consume it there. The chances are that soon there will be a lower-Congo power station bigger than any in the world, rated at 20 million kilowatts. And the Canadian Aluminium Company, partly responsible for building it, will be its biggest consumer. Thousands of tons of aluminium ore, mined in the Guianas (French, British and Dutch), instead of making the expensive trip through the Panama Canal to be processed far north on the western seaboard, will be shipped across the Atlantic to the Congo, to be processed there and the metal then re-shipped across the Atlantic to North America's eastern coast. Today in fact it might be said that Africa is well on the way to becoming an all-electric continent.



"I expect it's these Tory dockers sabotaging the Communists this time, don't you, Daddy?"

London Express Service

## BEGINNING THE STORY OF THE MEN WHO DID IT FIRST

# FLIGHT TO GLORY

ALCOCK



On July 16, 1918, the headlines of the London papers shouted the news of fresh disasters on the Western Front, where the Germans were making their final, all-out effort on the Marne, driving the Allies into retreat.

A German victory was in the air and there were many gloomy faces at the editorial conference of the Daily Mail. Only Lord Northcliffe, the "Chief," was unperturbed by the news. After discussing the contents of the following day's paper he gave decisive orders. There would, he insisted, be no more defeatist headlines; instead they would give the public something really exciting to think about. The Daily Mail would re-offer its £10,000 prize for the first non-stop aeroplane flight across the Atlantic.

### The offer

"We offer £10,000 to the first person who crosses the Atlantic from any point in the United States, Canada, or Newfoundland, to any point in Great Britain or Ireland in 72 continuous hours. The flight may be made, of course, either way

Probably most people in the world still believe Charles Lindbergh was the first to fly the Atlantic. James Stewart, playing the part of Lindbergh, is soon to star in a Hollywood film that will almost inevitably perpetuate that legend. To correct what threatens to become an historical injustice, the China Mail today begins publication of a digest of a book on the first real heroes of the Atlantic air — Alcock and Brown.

BROWN



He held no doubts as to the eventual outcome of the war. He knew that the Atlantic prize would stimulate production of the bigger aircraft and more powerful engines which Britain would need if we were to establish a lead in civil aviation during the first years of peace.

By GRAHAM WALLACE



across the Atlantic. The prize is open to pilots of any nationality and machines of foreign as well as British construction."

This offer was originally made by the Daily Mail in 1913, and now it was courageously repeated during the darkest hours of World War I.

It was sensational, but many people criticised the Daily Mail for being frivolous in a time of national peril. Lord Northcliffe, however, stuck to his guns and refused to withdraw the offer.

"The Flight of Alcock and Brown," by Graham Wallace, published by Putnam's.

out to the airfield in his pyjamas, took off and shot down two, bringing his total bag to seven. For this he was awarded the D.F.C.

But that night he and his crew were captured by the Turks after their bomber had crashed into the sea off Gallipoli. For six weeks they were kept locked up in a filthy, bug-ridden gaol in Constantinople before being transferred to a regular prisoner-of-war camp. To pass the time Alcock watched the birds flying outside his cell window and dreamed of the day when he could stretch his own wings and conquer the Atlantic.

Arthur Whitten Brown was eight years older than Alcock. His parents were American, but he was educated as an engineer in Britain.

### A prison

He was an observer in the Royal Flying Corps when he was shot down over the German lines. His left leg was severely injured in the crash, and he remained lame for the rest of his life. For 23 long and weary months he remained a prisoner in Germany and Switzerland. To occupy his mind he took up the study of aerial navigation and became so interested that he felt quite contentedly that he could navigate a plane across the Atlantic.

He was repatriated during the summer of 1918 and went to work as an engineer for the Ministry of Munitions. Here he met his future wife, the vivacious, red-haired Kathleen Kennedy, daughter of his department chief. They planned to marry once the war was over and Brown had a good civvy job. But ex-officers were two a penny, and Brown, like thousands of others found himself workless.

Once the Armistice was signed all the leading aircraft companies started a hectic race to be the first across the Atlantic. Aeroplanes were designed and constructed behind locked doors, leading bomber pilots were placed under contract, and by spring 1919 there were no fewer than nine British entries for the Daily Mail prize, with competition from Italy, and the United States.

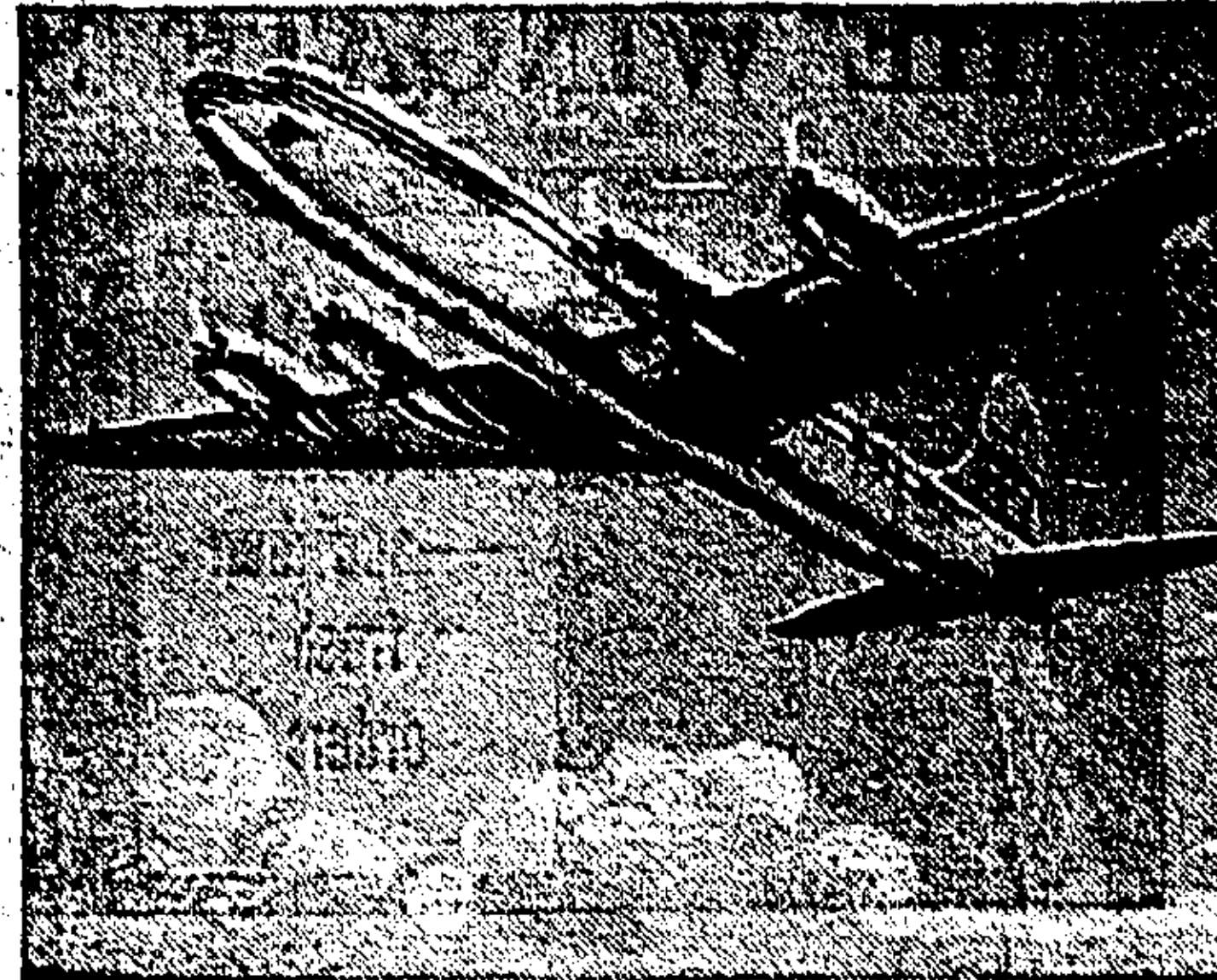
The U.S. Navy announced an attack on the Atlantic with a squadron of giant flying-boats which were to cross from Newfoundland to Lisbon, via the Azores.

### Rivalry

Home again and now demobilised, Alcock was signed up by Vickers Aviation to pilot their Vimy bomber across the Atlantic. Powered by two Rolls-Royce Eagle engines the Vimy had been designed for the bombing of Berlin, but the war had ended before it became operational. Now a new machine was being assembled and adapted for the Atlantic crossing.

Alcock worked day and night in the Vickers factory at Weybridge, driving the mechanics on with his enthusiasm, checking and double-checking every detail of the assembly knowing that his life and his marriage, and those of his wife's, depended on the flawless performance of the aircraft and engines.

Three weeks later Brown joined him and the famous partnership was born. Brown immediately postponed his marriage and threw himself wholeheartedly into the work. There was no time to be lost. Already two rival teams from the Soviet Union and Martinsyde



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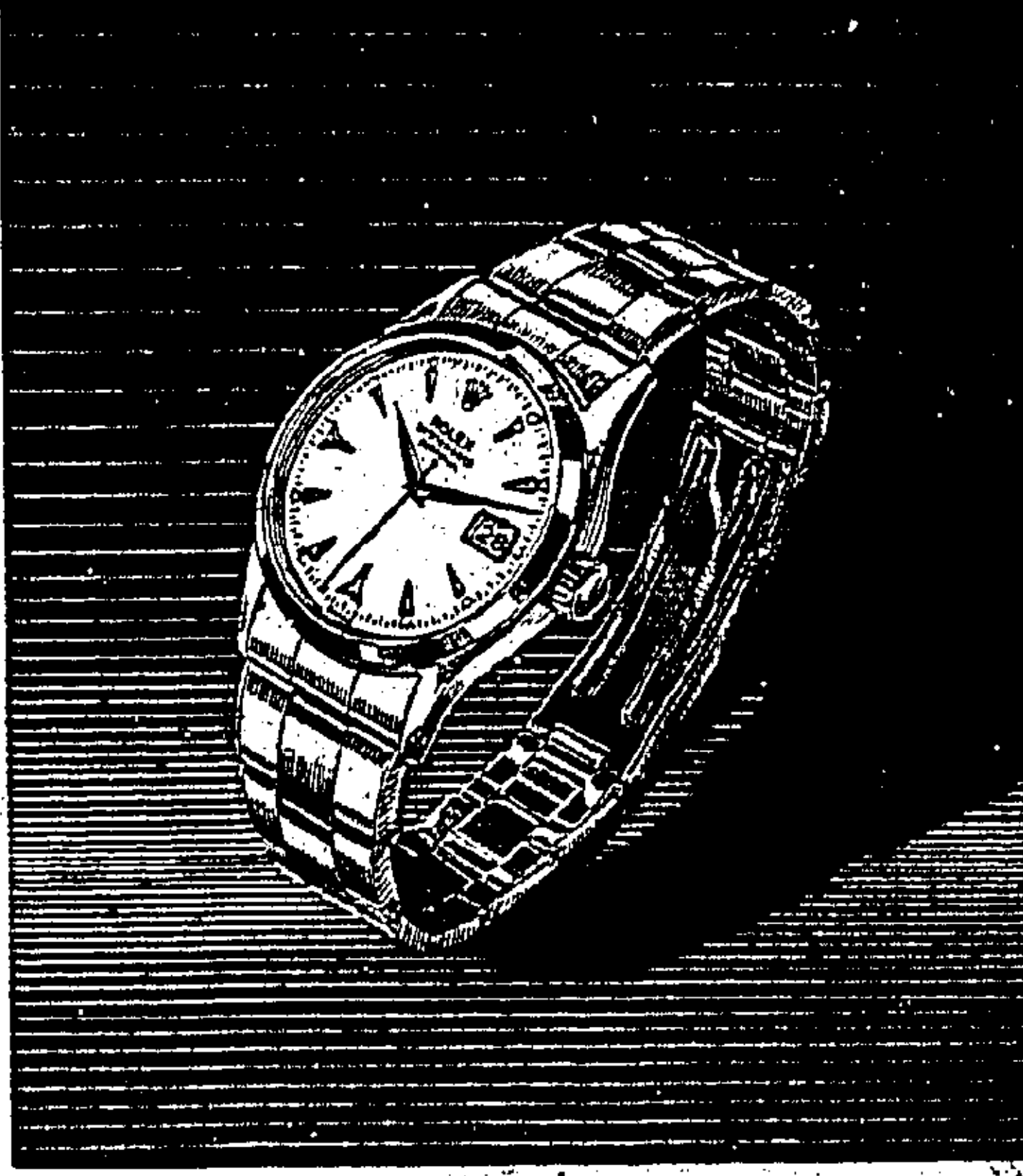
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## THE ART OF SAYING NO

when the question is "What's Yours?"

By ANNE SHARPLEY

I AM a secret non-drinker. And at last I am beginning to have the sense to declare my vice. For years I have "joined in the hearty British games of bar-propping, club wallowing and just-before-closing-time pub-crashing."

The potted palms I have killed by pouring unwelcome drinks over their innocent roots (a practice known as palming off drinks).

The drinks I have mysteriously "lost on distant ledges."

The times I have come from six to midnight with one little drink clutched defensively in my hot little hand.

No more. I am about to give all that up.

It is "goodbye" to the bars where I talk endlessly and exclusively on the topic so dear to their heart. How much they drank how it affected them and how they felt the next morning.

"Goodbye" to the old hypocrisy of listening to friends discussing the merits of a

Chateau Haut-Bailly and a Chateau Haut-Brion with rapture and feeling none of their rapture.

"Goodbye" to all the other brave little women sipping their gin and oranges determined to keep their dainty feet in this male preserve and not look bored.

And such a happy "goodbye" to my duty (as the soberest) of pouring people into taxis, dragging addresses from their fuddled minds and watching them clatter off the seat on to the floor of the cab. I always ended up paying for the trip anyway.

### That cliché

But it's "Hello" to something far, far more.

That is the maddening and inescapable remark that all drinkers make when faced with someone who does not want to share their plight.

"Oh," they sigh, one and all. "You must have some vice, they'll say."

Grrr! The knock-out comes when one refuses a cigarette and explains, one does not smoke either.

Reaching heights of originality they all ask achingly: "What do you do, then?"

How do other people cope with this cliché-ridden situation? I wondered.

Diana Dors, whose name may seem to be synonymous with champagne would, if she were offered it, turn it down flat so to speak.

"That remark," she grumbled, "now tired I am of it."

"I usually just glare, mention the name of an American soft drink, and say, 'that's my drink'."

"I hate champagne and stay away from all cocktail parties."

Group Captain Douglas Bader who does not drink "because me Mum told me not to and any way I don't like the stuff."

Back at the unwary who inquire if he has other vices. "Yes, thousands of 'em."

It is not as though non-drinkers were met with rarely. The last House of Commons was 15 percent non-drinking. I learned from C. W. Black, M.P., "Eighty or 90 members were teetotal," he says with a note of pride in his voice. "I haven't sorted out the new House yet."

Mr Black has passed through the corny-comment stage. "People just know. I don't drink. It's quite a long time since anyone said that to me."

Lucky Mr Black.

### Old-fashioned

There are two variations on the "You must have some vice" theme.

The friends who remember me in brave drink-drinking days; they burst into loud hearty laughter and order me a double gin (when I start looking for potted plants again).

On the others who look at you with the dawn of respect in their eyes, with dreadful sincerity they compliment one on being a good old-fashioned type of girl.

That usually does it. I order myself a double gin.



# THE WINGATE STORY CONTINUED—HE CALLS TO THE JEWS: 'FIGHT ON'

WAVELL

A rebuke  
—and then  
fresh  
orders

SHERTOK

He told  
the Jews  
to give  
full help

WINGATE

'You will  
have to  
fight the  
English'

WEIZMANN

The man  
who would  
always  
listen

DAYAN

Wingate's  
fighter  
now leads  
an Army

## BANISHED

—from the land he loved  
as the whisper spread—

## 'DISLOYAL'

IN earlier instalments Leonard Mosley has shown how Wingate sowed the seeds of his future greatness. Between 1936 and 1939 the man who was to become the hero of the war in Burma was a captain in the Royal Artillery in Palestine. He produced a revolutionary plan for dealing with the Arab rebellion; he proposed to use men from the Jewish settlements to wipe out the Arab gangs. To start the raids off, Wingate led a unit of the Jewish Army in a raid on an Arab gang stronghold.

FOR his temerity in organising the Jews, and leading them into the Palestine hills to kill Arabs, Captain Orde Wingate was ordered back to Jerusalem to be officially rebuked by General Wavell, his commanding officer. He was not worried. He claimed at a later date that there were three men who would always listen to him and be persuaded: Weizmann, Churchill and Wavell.

Penitently, Wingate bowed his head while Wavell read out his castigation of him for "fomenting Jewish-Arab hate." Then he lifted it again and said:—  
"Your Regular troops have failed to protect the pipeline. The Arabs have caused great damage and made you look fools. I can stop all that. I have a plan. I will wipe out the gangs for you, and see that the oil flows freely. Now listen carefully."

Wavell listened. The upshot of the interview was that Wingate, to the fury of practically every British officer on Wavell's staff, was given permission to go back to Northern Palestine, and continue his experiments in fighting Arabs.

### Britain's strangest hero (3)...by Leonard Mosley

He came away from headquarters in a state bordering ecstasy, singing psalms of praise in Hebrew, as he marched past the pop-eyed British sentries. With the full blessing of Weizmann and Shertok (the head and the political adviser of the Jewish Agency), the Hagana secret army were ordered to give their fullest cooperation.

And Orde Wingate moved into the lands of the Bible to wage war against the heathen. He chose Ein Harod, burial place of his Old Testament hero, Gideon, as his headquarters.

FROM among British troops stationed at Haifa, he got volunteers and mixed them with Jews loaned him by the Hagana. Wingate had begun the formation of what became known as the Special Night Squads, formations of highly-

trained guerrillas who moved in on the Arabs by night and slaughtered them. They were the forerunners of the Patriots of Ethiopia and the Chindits of Burma.

Wingate dressed British and Jews alike in clothes worn by settlement workers. They wore gym shoes and carried only a rifle and ammunition.

Wingate led them on each occasion, and they had some startling successes. When the Palestine police expressed scepticism of the casualties he claimed, he had a salutary answer. After each operation, a lorry passed by the nearest police post and the bodies were thrown in front of the iron door with notes attached to them: "Please identify the attached corpses. Signed, O.C. Wingate, Captain."

Not that killing was indiscriminate. Before each operation he addressed his men and told them: "We are not making war on the Arab nation, but on Arab gangs, and towards the ordinary Arabs we will abstain

from cruelty and brutality. A coarse and savage man makes a bad soldier, and you will be have with respect towards the wives, children, and innocent individuals. But you will not let a single culprit escape."

The biggest action fought by Wingate's Special Night Squads was at Dabouiyah, a notorious and strongly fortified Arab stronghold at the foot of Mount Tabor, near the Sea of Galilee. The fighting was so fierce that he called for air support, and an R.A.F. plane came down and machine-gunned the battlefields; unfortunately, the wrong parts of it. Wingate was wounded in the shoulder but refused to be evacuated. The gang was either slaughtered or captured.

But if Wavell was sceptical about the activities of his subordinate, others were not. The Colonial Office was starting to ask: "Why is Wingate being allowed to kill so many Arabs? And is it true he is training the Jews?"

(It was true. He had turned Ein Harod into a battle school to train future officers of the Jewish secret army.)

### AN APOLOGY

THE Military Intelligence service were beginning to take notice of him too. They had begun to tap his telephone calls and intercept his mail.

At first Wingate paid no attention but boldly proceeded with his self-appointed mission. He dashed madly about the country in an old car, which he drove at a furious pace. Speed was a passion, and his attitude towards other road-users was imperious.

Once, driving with a Jewish companion, he was stopped by a British military policeman and soundly berated for his recklessness. Wingate was dressed in the denim and open shirt of a settlement worker. He waited until the Briton had finished and then calmly said: "You are a liar. I was not driving dangerously."

When the policeman, incensed at the tone of voice, made a move towards him, he rapidly whipped out his military card, across which was written: "Cap-

tain Wingate is on special duty, and is to be given all aid."

The military policeman snapped to attention and let him go. A mile down the road the Jewish companion began to rebuke Wingate. "You were wrong," he said. "You were driving too fast and you know it. You humiliated that young man when he was only doing his duty."

Wingate immediately halted his car, waited for the military policeman's motor-cycle to draw level, and leaned out. "My friend Emmanuel here says I owe you an apology. You were quite right to stop me. I am sorry."

By this time his attachment to the Zionist cause had gone beyond the point of no return. The dossier being assembled about his activities by the Intelligence was growing and it contained some startling information.

Wingate had meanwhile been tipped off by the Jews' own espionage service that the British were after him. He took little heed, until he heard that his beloved Lorna, his wife, was being shadowed, her calls tapped, and that she and her mother, Mrs. Ivy Patterson, had been obstructed by British police and British officers. His action was typical of a man who never had any compunction about going over a superior officer's head.

One morning he parked his car on the outskirts of a village between Nazareth and Jerusalem. He had heard that Wavell was paying an official visit to Nazareth. When the military cavalcade appeared he stepped into the middle of the road and held up his hand. The cavalcade stopped. Major Wingate stepped into General Wavell's car, sat down beside the G.I.-C., and began to talk. That interview temporarily relieved the situation, but not for long. The word "disloyal" was beginning to appear for the first time in the Intelligence reports on Wingate. He mixed with few British officers now, but confined himself to the Jews.

### LORNA WINGATE AT 25

—her life was made uncom-  
fortable by British  
officers who disapproved of  
her husband's  
work in Pal-  
estine.



This was about the time when the Round Table Conference was on in London to discuss the future of Palestine. Chaim Weizmann was leading the Jewish delegation. He sent a code message to Wingate asking him if he could come to London and give his aid and advice. Wingate went. By the time he returned the Intelligence reports on his activities had been digested by civil and military authorities and had produced both anger and concern. The school for Jewish soldiers he had established at Ein Harod was ordered to be disbanded immediately.

His indulgent chief, General Wavell, had been replaced by General Haining, who could not be expected to, and did not feel the same warmth and respect towards this eccentric and dis-

obedient young soldier. In face of warnings from his few remaining military friends Wingate continued his close contacts with the Jewish secret army leaders. An Intelligence report on him about this time says: "W. no longer drives around in his old car. He has a new one. It is a gift from Hagana for services rendered."

I made the closest inquiries about this report, for otherwise there is no evidence that he ever took money or gifts for his services to the Jews.

### CAR BLOWN UP

IN late 1938, after several successful operations against the Arabs, the notorious Arab gangster, Kauki, offered £1,000 to anyone who killed Wingate.

Shortly afterwards, while driving through an Arab section of Haifa, a grenade was tossed into the back of his car. He saw it in time and flung himself out, escaping down back alleys, ways to the house of a friend. But his car was completely destroyed.

Hagana found him another. At the beginning of 1939 the boys began to toll for Orde Wingate in Palestine. The White Paper on Palestine was about to be issued. The Jews were convinced that it would give them an independent State.

"The night before the White Paper was issued," said one of his Jewish friends, "Wingate came to visit us. He was drunk, the first time we had ever seen him drunk. He just sat in a corner mulling to himself, groaning, slapping his body. Presently he got up and went to the door. We pointed out that if he did insist on going, he had better take the parcel he had brought with him. 'That's for you,' he said. 'You'll need it later.' We opened it after he had gone and it was four bottles of whisky. Next day we heard that the White Paper had turned down the Jewish State."

It was about this time that Wingate asked the Hagana Intelligence officer, Wilenski, to call a special meeting of the Hagana General Staff.

It was arranged for that evening, in Wilenski's home on Mount Carmel. Mr. Wilenski sat in the hall, watching the door, ready to give the alarm if the British made a raid.

Wingate arrived alone, and went straight into the room where the Jews were waiting for him. He looked pale and ill, and his eyes were burning intensely. He did not bother to greet anyone, but rose at once, and began to address them. He talked about Zionism, and of his profound belief in the rightness of the Jewish cause. He spoke for an hour with impassioned eloquence.

### HIS ADVICE

AND then, according to the records of Hagana Intelligence, he said: "To be practical, members of the Hagana, the White Paper has turned you down. There will be no Jewish State unless you fight for it, and it is the English you will have to fight. I advise you to start immediate hostilities against them—and begin by blowing up the great oil refinery here in Haifa. Its destruction would be a grave blow to the British Empire."

Hagana's chief of staff protested: "That's impossible. We'd never get inside it."

"You will," replied Wingate calmly. "If you allow me to lead the operation." It was one of two important occasions when the Jews refused to accept his advice.

Shortly after the meeting in Haifa, Wingate was called to GHQ in Jerusalem and told he had been posted home.

He was allowed to pay a farewell visit to his Jewish fighters in the Special Night Squads. He went first to Zvi Brenna's platoon on the slopes of Mount Tabor, and there, looking down on the lush valleys of Esdraelon, his back to the blue waters of Galilee and the tumbling Jordan, he said goodbye.

"I am sent away from you and from the country I love," he said. "I suppose you know why. I am transferred because we are too great friends. They want to hurt me and you. But I promise you I shall come back, and if I cannot do it the regular way, I shall return as a 'Mafsi' (an illegal refugee)."

A few days later Orde Wingate and his wife sailed in a troopship from Haifa. Wingate was never to see Palestine again.

### SERVICE RECORD

SHORTLY after his departure several of his Jewish trainees were arrested and given savage sentences. Moshe Dayan, then a farmer in a Palestine settlement, and Zvi Brenna among them. They were released after the war against Germany began. Dayan (now head of the Israeli Army) lost an eye leading the Australians into Syria. Zvi Brenna lost a leg in Italy.

Across Wingate's personal service record his commanding officer wrote: "O. C. Wingate, Major, D.S.O., is a good soldier; but so far as Palestine is concerned, he is a bad security risk and cannot be trusted. He pits the interests of the Jews before those of his own people. He should not be allowed in Palestine again."

There were many of his fellow officers who felt that he had got off too lightly.

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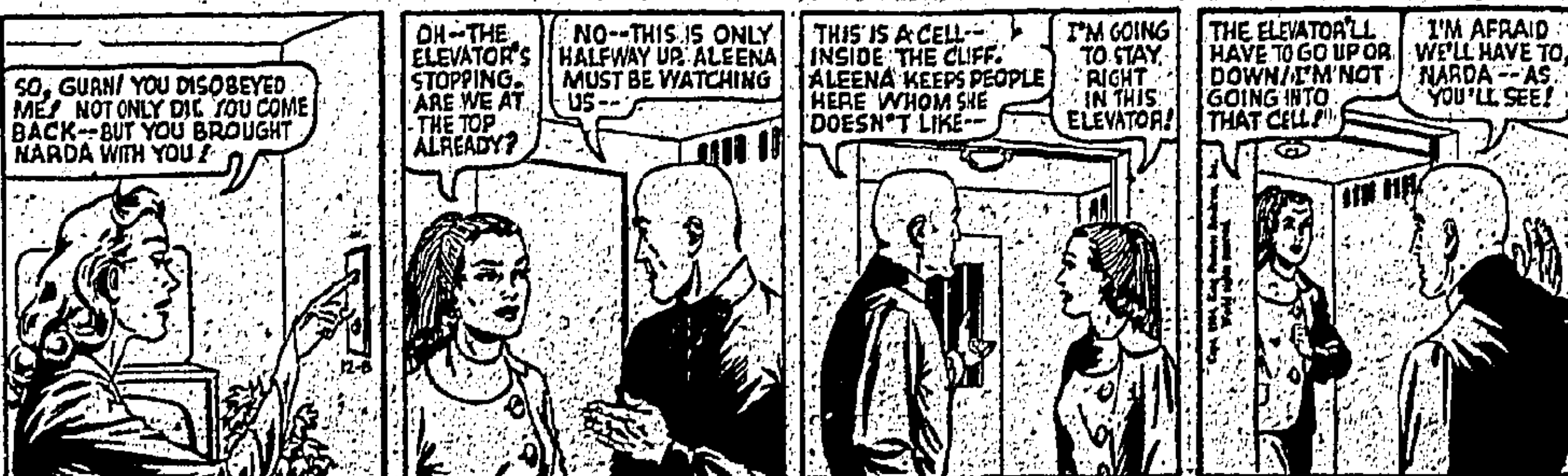
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### HONGKONG MEN WHO FOUGHT WITH WINGATE



They served in Wingate's Chindit Force in Burma. The Committee of the Chindits Old Comrades' Association (Hong Kong Branch) elected at Thursday's reunion dinner. Seated: W. G. Hicks, R. A. P. Liddy, W. R. Lam (Chairman), C. E. Clark, M. A. Cheung. Back row: F. A. O'Leary, Y. T. Tse, D. F. Holland, C. L. Rocha, L. A. Fox. (Staff Photographer)

### MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis





## GERMANS CHANGE ARMY LAW

From Colin Lawson

Berlin.

FUTURE German soldiers may be able to commit war crimes on orders from superior officers without fear of punishment if the latest rearmament bill goes through parliament.

The new bill, called the Soldatengesetz, is the German equivalent of the British Army Act. The first reading is expected this month.

One section deals with obedience, which the Defence Ministry says is "the supreme law of the army. Responsibility and trust are the foundations of obedience and orders."

First the bill lays down "The order need not be carried out if by so doing a criminal would be committed." But it comes this qualification: "Should the soldier, however, carry out the order he is not guilty of a crime or offence if he does not know or realise he is committing it."

In Bonn, a government spokesman said: "From the military point of view, it is intolerable that an order should be disobeyed just because a subordinate misjudges it."

### Set Aside

The Germans have set aside an Allied law passed after the war which laid down that a soldier could not plead innocence for a crime just because he was carrying out a superior's orders.

At Nuremberg and other war crimes trials, many officers and men pleaded in defence that they were only obeying orders when they committed crimes and were therefore not to blame.

The new bill is being studied in the Upper House of the Bonn Parliament before it goes to the Lower House.

Political parties refused comment on the clause until they have studied it more carefully.

But Dr Richard Jaeger, an Adenauer spokesman in Parliament, justified it by saying "A 20-year-old soldier cannot have the same knowledge about what is, or what is not, an offence as, say, one of 40. If a soldier does not know the law, how can he be guilty?"

The Germans are also excusing the war crimes caused by saying that it corresponds to the military law of most West European states.

Britain's Army Act lays down that a soldier who commits a war crime on orders is guilty of an offence. Ignorance is no excuse, although it may be taken into account in the sentence.

DID IT HAPPEN?

# A DARK STRANGER..

● Radio's Armchair Detective spins this latest story

In our could-be-true series. But is this tale FACT or

FICTION? The answer will be published on Monday

It was Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder of London, who called it murder of the soul; but the two or three blackmailers I've known, they didn't take it so seriously.

Once one even tried to argue with me that he wasn't really the guilty party. "It's the man or woman who's done something they don't want anyone else to know about, who's guilty," he said. "I just help them by keeping their secret."

Anyway, I obtained further insight into the way a blackmailer goes to work when, a little while back, a friend of a mutual friend telephoned me. He sounded as if he was in trouble, and because he was a friend, etc., I said I'd try to help him, though I "couldn't promise."

We'll call him Forbes. He was a widower, quite a big business tycoon, and he and his twenty-year-old daughter lived in Berkshire. Right now Cynthia, his daughter, was in a nursing-home, being watched day and night to see that she didn't try to commit suicide again.

### Inquiry agent

About ten days before Forbes told me she had gone to Paris for a fortnight. It was her first time on her own like this, and her father would rather have gone with her. But she wanted to show her independence, the way young people do. She had telephoned from Paris of her safe arrival, and sent postcards saying she was having a good time.

She'd been away only eight days when Forbes arrived home in the evening from London and found Cynthia had returned. She had her head in the gas-oven and he saved her just in time. She tried again with her bedroom gas-fire next day. Once again he got to her just in time. She offered no explanation for all this, and any attempt to find out simply sent her off into hysterics.

Forbes realised it was something that had happened in Paris, which was responsible. For his daughter's sake he had not reported her two suicide attempts to the police. So there was nothing Scotland Yard could



by Ernest Dudley

ERNEST DUDLEY, Armchair Detective, is a writer who has devoted his career to writing about the underworld of crime. He knows the underworld well and has written several books on his experiences.

One of two of my pals are in Dartmoor now. He mentions that most recent book is the third book in the series of the founder of the New Street Runners.

Born 45 years ago in the town near Birmingham, which bears his own name, Dudley is married with one daughter, lives in Harrogate, Yorkshire, and is a member of the Broadcasting House.

a dingy office in the West End, speaks several languages fluently, knows Europe's underworld like the back of his hand. Divorced, missing persons, there was no job he would not undertake providing it was just legal and it was cash on the nail.

After the price had been settled Bennett told Forbes to leave the rest to him and he would report back as soon as he got anything to report. I can always use copy, so I thought I would trail along to learn how a private investigator works in real life. All the information Bennett had was the hotel near the Gare St Lazare at which Cynthia Forbes had stayed, a photograph of her and that was about all.

The first lead he got was from the hotel femme de chambre, who remembered a Bal Tabarin programme left behind in the girl's room. Yes when Made-

moiselle had left at about 10 that morning she had appeared distraught, but had said nothing except that she was returning to England immediately. Then the night porter remembered that on her last four nights Made-moiselle Forbes had come in at between 1 a.m. and 2.30 a.m. Each time she had been accompanied by an obvious gigolo, though his manner had been most correct and after a "Bon soir, mademoiselle," he had gone.

But on her last night at the hotel, the night porter said, when Made-moiselle Forbes and her companion had come in there was a discussion. The gigolo became somewhat aggressive and the girl appeared very upset. They went off together in a taxi which had been waiting. Yes, the night porter could describe the gigolo, tall, slim build, dark. One of the early morning floor waiters remembered seeing the girl come in at about quarter-to-seven.

### On the trail

Bennett took the night porter along to the Quai des Orfèvres and he picked out the gigolo's picture from the rogues' gallery. He had a record as a pick-pocket several years before.

So Bennett and I began searching "the Montmartre district, starting off at the Bal Tabarin then the usual bottles de nuit and likely cafes. No one seemed to recognise Cynthia Forbes's photograph. Nor did our description of the gigolo ring any bell.

Well, I suppose one gigolo sounds much like another. We trailed round Montmartre for three nights running without result. On the fourth night, it was 3 a.m., we called it a day and went into a small bar in the Rue Pigalle for a coffee.

Suddenly Bennett nudged me and I took a surreptitious look at a man who had just come in. Tall, sleek and dark, it was our gigolo. He came and sat on the stool next to us. Bennett stuck a cigarette in his mouth and leaned over and asked him for a light. He got up politely and smiling, came over and lit Bennett's cigarette. Bennett

He was probably sitting at the a c... but Bennett insisted that it should be taken to the nearest post.

### The negatives

I was pretty taken aback. And the gigolo was protesting volubly against the accusation. But as I patted my pocket and found it empty, Bennett dipped his hand into the other's pocket and whipped out my cigarette-case. Identified it as mine to the gendarme and Bennett insisted that the thief should be taken to the nearest post.

At the post, Bennett got the police officer in charge to telephone a friend of his, an inspector of the Brigade Mondaine. When he arrived there were some muttered words between him and Bennett, the gigolo was charged with theft and locked up for the night.

While he was being searched the accused had been relieved of his keys. Bennett, the inspector and I went along to their gigolo's apartment. There were two rooms and a search of the bedroom gave us what we were looking for. The gigolo included photographs of himself and Cynthia Forbes, and back we went to the post. A certain amount of persuasion by the inspector who had a daughter of his own, and the gigolo told us what had happened.

He had met the girl alone at the Bal Tabarin. He had given her the impression that he was himself alone in Paris. They had met each night following, until the last night, when the gigolo had shattered the girl by revealing that he was a profes-

### Panic-stricken

Further searching produced the negatives of the prints of himself and Cynthia Forbes, and back we went to the post. A certain amount of persuasion by the inspector who had a daughter of his own, and the gigolo told us what had happened.

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## 'RONALD COLMAN' OF THE HIMALAYAS

By ROBIN HUTCHEON

POOR Tenzing! Climbing the highest mountain in the world may be a tremendously exciting achievement, but when you read his book, "Man of Everest," you feel that if he'd had the power of clairvoyance he would have stayed at home in the summer of 1953 instead of joining Colonel Hunt's expedition.

For he had an unenviable task. Not only was he an important member of the climbing party; he was also chief Sherpa, assistant transport officer and mediator in the frequent disputes between his truculent assistants and Colonel Hunt.

And he soon discovered that the problems he encountered at the beginning of the expedition were insignificant compared with the acrimonious wrangling which marked its closing stages.

Tenzing, now in his early 40s, is an incorrigible fellow. He has charm, good looks—he's like a sunburnt version of Ronald Colman—gleaming white teeth and a perpetual grin. Furthermore, he is an incurable optimist and incapable of bearing malice against any man.

In "Man of Everest" he tells the "inside story" of Hunt's expedition. It is the substance behind the shadow of the official account, "The Ascent of Everest," and it makes enlightening reading.

Characteristically he tells it quietly and very sincerely without the slightest breath of sensationalism. He is frank yet fair. He has no prejudices, only preferences. And the stupid nationalistic hysteria which swept Nepal and many parts of India as Tenzing and his British companions marched down to the plains to receive the world's acclaim is completely alien to him.

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A succession of European expeditions in the post-war years had bred in him a spirit of egotism, an easy-going camaraderie which he shared with all men. It nourished his philosophic mind and turned an "unlettered man" (as he calls himself) into a mature and rationalistic thinker.

At the outset of Hunt's expedition he was disappointed by the reserved manner of the British. He saw it as a barrier between him and the expedition. The atmosphere was that of an official mess, and the military regulation and drill-book planning that went into the expedition was different from anything he had known.

The friendship he found there sometimes smacked of polite condescension, and was in striking contrast to the warm and genuine friendship he found among the Swiss in their Everest expedition the year before.

British Character Yet he tried to make allowance for the peculiarities of the British character. In his work as chief Sherpa he was as loyal and dutiful as any climber could expect. And in his book he has tried to be as accommodating and understanding as possible.

The problems encountered before the ascent were merely few. There was an early upset at the British Embassy when the Sherpas were put up in a garage while the sahibs had rooms inside; later there was trouble because there was one lot of food for the climbers, another for the Sherpas; and later over the issue of personal equipment and kit which was not given, as in previous expeditions but lent.

Tenzing did not always take sides with his men. His was the self-appointed role of peace-maker and impartial mediator, and his calm, quiet reasoning helped smooth their ruffled dignity on many occasions. But it was not until two trouble-makers were expelled from the expedition that the grumbling really ended.

On the way down from Everest as the triumphant party marched towards Kathmandu it started again; this time, trouble was political and religious fanaticism who wanted them to say he had been first to reach the summit, that he had seen

Buddha or the Lord Shiva sitting on top of the mountain; and trouble with overzealous newspaper reporters, each angling for a provocative scoop.

Tenzing does his best to defuse the foolish assertions of his fanatical admirers. He tells in his book who did reach the summit first. It was Hillary.

No, said Tenzing, he wasn't slighted by the Queen of England who awarded him only a George Cross and knighthoods to Hillary and Hunt. As a Nepali he doubts whether he could have accepted a foreign title. Besides he got a high Nepalese order from King Tribhuvan, while Hunt and Hillary got lesser ones.

Yes, he did fly the British flag above the Nepalese and Indian flags on his ice axe on the summit of Everest. But the United Nations flag flew above them all.

Hunt's men were surely displeased with Tenzing's press statements. But he says—and knowing how some people in my profession work I am quite ready to believe him—many of his statements were twisted and others were entirely fabricated. It should also be remembered that Tenzing speaks only a smattering of English and understands it imperfectly in quickfire question-and-answer conversation.

Shook Hands Possibly he was flustered with success at the time and also said a few things he shouldn't have. But put yourself in Tenzing's position for a moment—and what would you have done? Some consolations are that the trouble was no worse than this; that the British and Tenzing patched up their tiffs; shook hands and milled for the cameras; and that Britain gave him and his family a warm and sincere welcome.

But the greatest consolation of all is that Tenzing was big and in the morning he took tea



TENZING

enough and sensible enough to override the flimsy criticisms of the troublemakers and to relegate the disgruntled to a level where it would not overshadow the brilliance of the mountaineers' feat.

Tenzing foresaw some of the problems of climbing with the British. But he had been born in the shadow of that mountain. Seven times he had scaled its bitter heights. Seven times he had been rebuffed. It tantalised him, hypnotised him, wove a magic spell in his mind, and he realised as he wrestled with the problem of whether to join Colonel Hunt in 1953 that he had a chance to climb Everest.

I would have been willing to take any job from a dishwasher to get-keeper.

And however much he disliked the regimentation and lack of informality in the expedition, he frankly acknowledged that Hunt's careful planning was an important factor in the ultimate success. The team spirit was on their side.

### Bright Bubble

Tenzing's book is worth reading, however, not only for the "inside story" of Everest. He is a great character with a sharp wit and a fund of good stories.

Ullman, Tenzing's ghost writer, has certainly put a bright bubble into many parts of the book. There is a nice balance between the gripping drama which marks many of Tenzing's climbs and the light-hearted gaiety which seems to permeate his life.

One of the best stories is of a very pretty English lass who met him while acting as a tourist guide in the Himalayas. He noticed especially her good teeth. The party stopped at a dak bungalow for the night, and in the morning he took tea

and washing water to the pretty messmate's room.

"As I appeared she sat up and I thought 'Oh, I am in the wrong room.' She was not young and pretty, but an old lady with yellow skin and no teeth. I put down the pot and pitcher and was about to run. Then I saw beside her some jars of cream and powders and in a glass of water a fine white set of teeth... when she came out later she was as young and pretty as the day before."

Tenzing's book is full of surprises. He tells how, in 1949, he and a young British climber made a secret attempt on Mount Everest after Tibet had been "closed" to foreigners. They dodged armed patrols for weeks and were forced to make a wide detour to the mountain's base. But the clouds frowned on their pure efforts and they were turned crest out of Tibet again.

Real Or False? He also has something to say about the Abominable Snowman. He has never seen one and he does not believe they are supernatural, but he does believe they exist. His father has seen two. One almost chased him, but it thought better of it and dashed off.

Tenzing's father described it as being "like a big monkey or ape except that its eyes were deeply sunken and its head was pointed on top. Its colour was grey and the hair grew in two directions—from above the waist upwards and below the waist downwards." It was about four feet high and female and carried its sagging breasts as it ran.

But the story I like best is Tenzing's own attempt to determine his age. He says: "For most of my life I have not known my own age but only that I had been born in the Year of the Yox or Yare (according to the Tibetan calendar with its 12-year cycles); but recently, being familiar with both the Tibetan and the Western calendars, I have been able to work back and find that this must so have been the year 91. With the 12-year cycles it could also, of course, be plain arithmetic be either 1902 or 1926. But I hope I am not so old as young as the second. Thirty-three sounds to me just right for the age at which I climbed Everest. And I am sure that it is."

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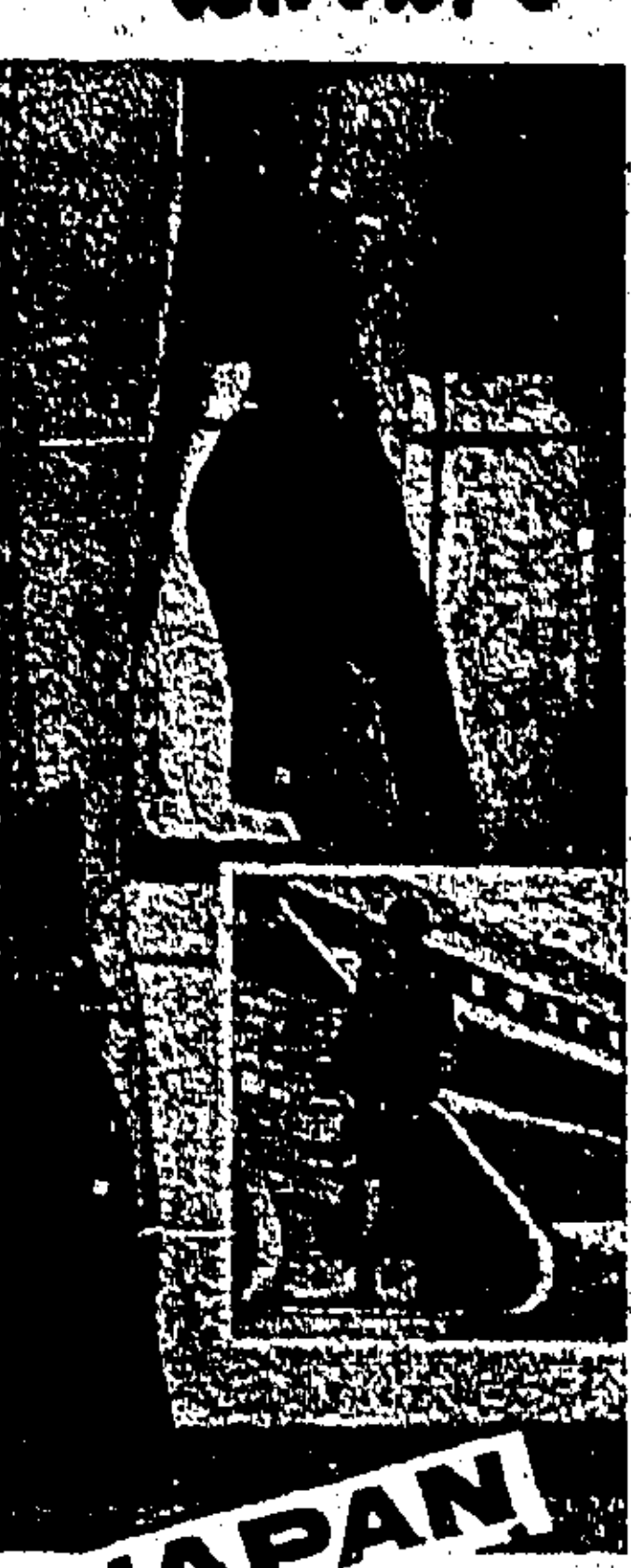
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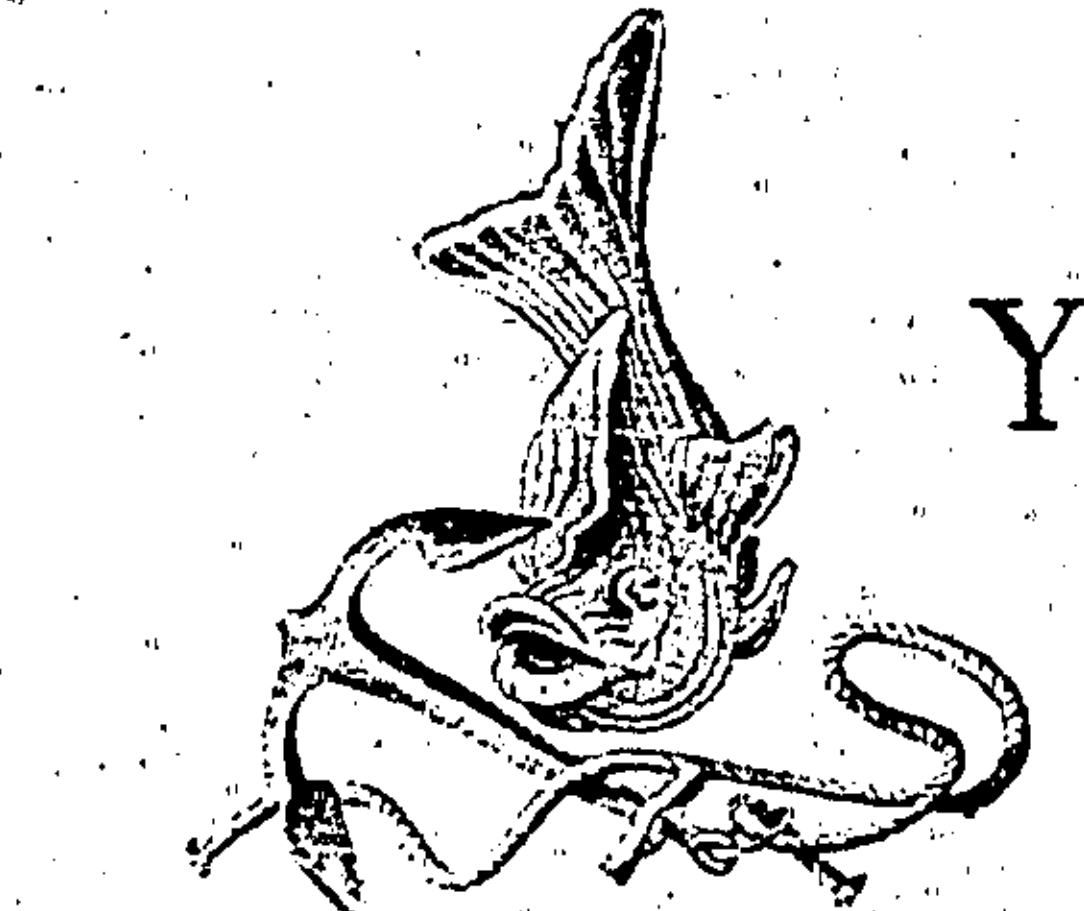
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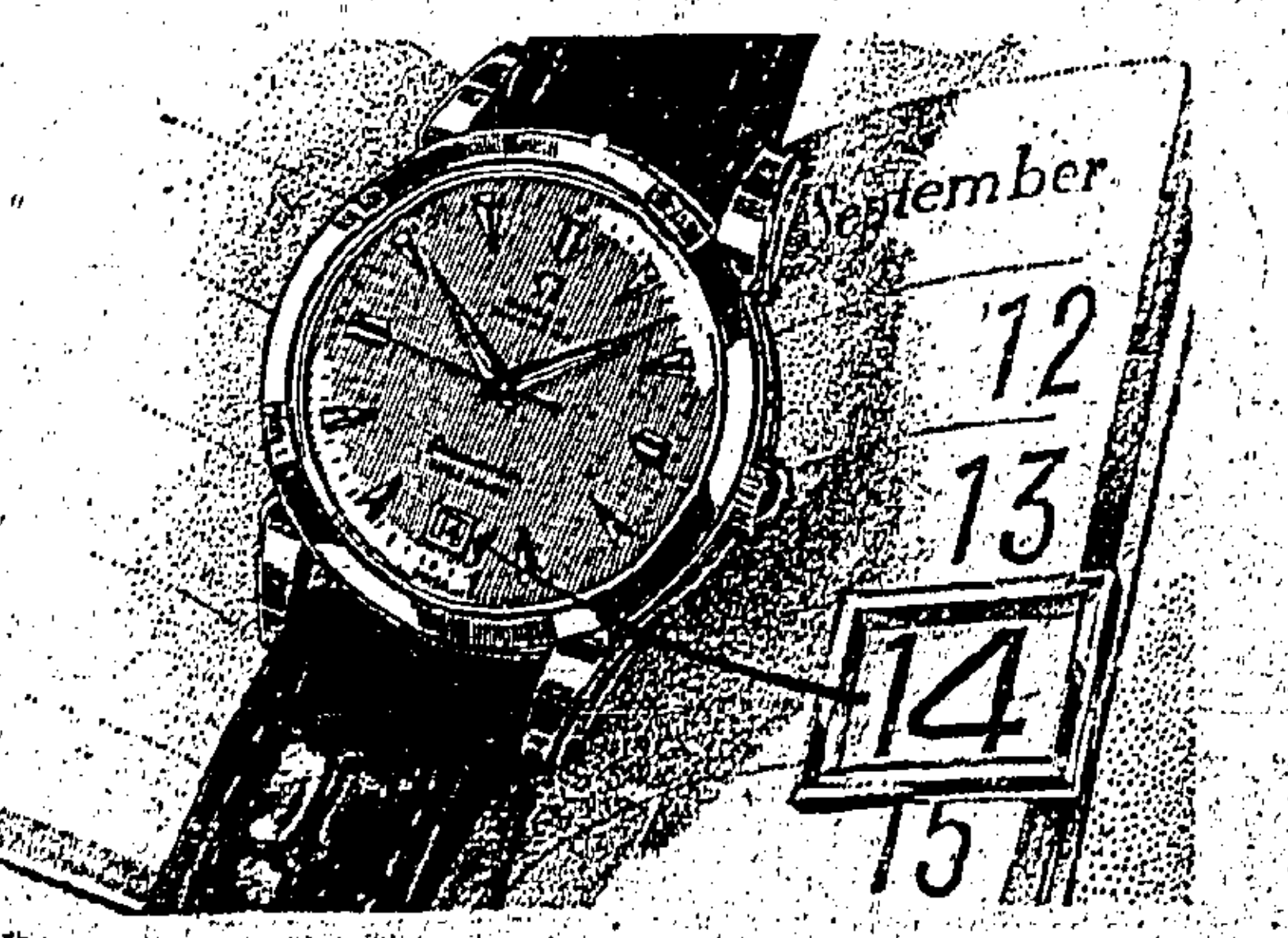
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## Etonians Aren't Everywhere Top

THE queue for Eton is longer than ever. And no wonder. Mothers anxious to do right by their sons (and what mother does not?) can hardly fail to note that the old boys of today govern the welfare state as surely as their forbears won the battle of Waterloo.

With a majority of Old Etonians in the Cabinet, the purchase of the old school tie must seem a splendid investment. True, it costs something in the neighbourhood of £2,000; but this, after all, is rather less than the price of a mink coat. As there is no limit to the sacrifices parents make for their children many must be wondering, not so much whether they can afford to send their sons to Eton, but whether they can afford not to.

### Great men

But wait. Before selling the family heirlooms, it is worth considering how Eton fares in other professions. Does the school that produces such an abundance of Cabinet Ministers throw up great men in other walks of life? Is the Old Etonian tie dominating medicine, science and law? Is there such a dazzling array of old boys leading the fine arts and not-so-fine arts of film, radio and journalism?

Take medicine first. Lord Horder, Extra Physician to the Queen, did not go to school at all. He was educated privately, whatever that may mean; afterwards attending the University of London. Sir Daniel Davies, another Extra Physician to the Queen, was educated at Bridgend and University College, Co. diff.

The Queen's gynaecologist, Sir William Gilliat, went to Wellington. Sir Harold Gillies, the plastic surgeon, was brought up in New Zealand. Ernest Jones, Honorary President of the British Psycho-Analytical Association, comes from a humble village school in Wales.

If your son shows a blossoming bedside manner and does not wilt at the sight of blood, you can rest assured he may make a successful doctor wherever he goes to school.

### He will profit

But if he demands ever more lavish chemical sets, he will clearly profit from an early technical education. None of our most distinguished contemporary scientists went to Eton. Sir William Penney,



by JILL CRAIGIE

Director of Atomic Weapons Research Establishment, went to a technical school in Sheerness. He seems fairly typical. Even the Astronomer Royal, Sir Henry Spencer Jones, received no more impressive an education than that of Latimer Upper School, Hammersmith.

But maybe Eton excels in polemics. This would account for its preponderance of politicians. But then, surely, the old boys should be leading the legal profession. While Old Etonian lawyers are a penny, the number that reach the heights are in the decimal class. Neither the present Lord Chancellor nor his two predecessors went to Eton. The two most outstanding lawyers in the House of Commons, Sir Walter Monckton and Sir Hartley Shawcross, came from Harrow and Dulwich College. The first four judges that spring to mind, the Lords Goddard, Birkett, Somervell and Radcliffe, have got where they are without having learned the Eton boating song.

The champions of Eton assert that, of all schools, this is the one that does not cast boys into a particular mould. At Eton, they say, unorthodox opinion thrives; individuality is encouraged. Yet Eton turns out none of our current distinguished painters, architects or musicians. The three most individual of our leading artists are perhaps Henry Moore, who went to a grammar school, Graham Sutherland, who went to Epsom College, and Stanley Spencer, who went to a council school.

### Unorthodox

The BBC is run by Sir Ian Jacob. He received a traditional military education. No doubt the BBC still believes in the legend of Eton's unorthodoxy. For no Old Etonian has yet been entrusted with the disciplining of ideas, which seems to be the main function of this thoroughly British institution.

Old Etonians are not inclined to act—at least not professionally. Maybe the old school still regards the actor as a mountebank. The knights of the theatre, Sir Laurence, Sir John and Sir Ralph are not distinguished for their old school ties. Nor do Etonians produce plays or direct films, although in William Douglas Home they can claim a successful playwright.

Indeed it has been said of show business that the best guarantee for success is either a religious education or none at all. As Sir Laurence Olivier

was the son of a vicar, film-director David Lean the product of a Quaker school, and Noel Coward along with Ronald Neame on the way-roll before they were wearing long pants, there seems to be substance to this theory. But in fairness to Eton it should be mentioned that the Etonian Mills circus boasts of the only Old Etonian ringmaster.

If your son is editing a preparatory school magazine, rule out Eton. Otherwise he will never become a newspaper editor—unless you actually own the paper. For the most part the product of state schools shine in Fleet Street.

### Impossible

But in literature and philosophy it is impossible to ignore the achievements of old Etonians, particularly as so many find it amusing to run down their old school. Sir Osbert Sitwell leads this cult. He maintains in *Who's Who* that he was "educated during the holidays from Eton."

Even so, if Eton does not actually dominate the literary landscape it colours it with exotic specimens. Professor Ayer expounds on logical positivism. Aldous Huxley has gone into voluntary exile. Yet most of our leading poets come from more humble schools.

But don't blame Eton. After all, many of its pupils are entered before they can even squeak.

# The Most Elegant Man Tells Me His Secrets

By ROBERT ROBINSON

I HAD the honour last week of taking brandy with the best-dressed man in Britain.

His name—Colonel the Hon. Frederick Cripps, D.S.O., son of Lord Parmoor and brother of the late Sir Stafford Cripps, sometime Chancellor of the Exchequer. Colonel Cripps has been invited to become men's fashion adviser to the firm of Lanvin in Paris. Their shop window bears a full-length picture of him—"the most elegant man in England."

I went round to White's, one of London's most exclusive clubs, to congratulate him.

The Colonel, "a distinguished upright 70, was wearing a soft green suit with the faintest of checks. There were no turn-ups on his trousers. Across his waistcoat hung a gold-rimmed monocle.

### THEN HE TOLD ME THE PRICE

ROUND his neck he wore a bow-tie in the colours of the Romanoff family—the colours, also, of the Travellers' Club of Paris, of which the Colonel is the oldest member. His shoes were suede in a shade of brown so exquisite that it was barely noticeable. I sipped my brandy and considered with mounting envy the elegance of this distinguished man.

He leaned across to me. "Know how much this suit cost me?"

I waited with suspended awe for the answer. It came. "Twelve quid," said the Colonel.

You could have hamstringed me with a tape-measure! And then he told me.

All the Colonel's clothes come from a firm of multiple tailors who specialise in cheap suits for the ordinary bloke. "I was a bit hard-up some years ago and my sister, Lady Egerton, told me I was looking shabby and it wouldn't do. She said she'd make me a present, of a couple of decent



In all their sartorial splendour... Robert Robinson (the best-dressed columnist) and Colonel the Hon. Frederick Cripps.

suits, so I toddled off to Savile Row and got measured.

"How much?" I asked the chap. "£45 each, sir," says he. "Cancel the order," says I. "I don't like throwing money away, you see."

Later that day he lunched with brother Stafford and mentioned his sartorial dilemma. "What's wrong with the suit I've got on?" asked Sir Stafford. "Nothing," said the Colonel. "Well," said Sir Stafford, then Minister of Supply, "I get mine from the multiple tailors."

"We went up to Stafford's bedroom and he put on three

suits one after the other, pirouetting round the room to show them off.

"So I went. And I got three suits for £45—not one!"

As we spoke, two Frimchamps came into the club and one drew the Colonel aside.

When he returned the Colonel told me they'd asked him where he got his clothes. "I just opened my jacket and showed them the label," he said. Down at his home in Berkshire the Colonel is writing his memoirs.

"Trouble is, I write 'em in long hand. When I come to

● How he dresses in the suits of an ordinary bloke.

● How he met disaster selling baking powder to the Russians.

● How his brother, Sir Stafford, liked thick steaks and Burgundy.

read 'em back I can't understand a word."

One rumour the book will undoubtedly scotch is that of Sir Stafford Cripps' puritanism. "Wasn't he an ascetic?" I asked.

"Good lord, no. Many's the thick steak and bottle of Burgundy I've enjoyed with Stafford. Use to go round to see him at the Ministry. He'd lock the door, stick his feet on the desk and put would come the cigars."

The strict regimen that Sir Stafford later adopted was due not to puritanism but to what his brother described as "a bug" he'd picked up.

"Oh, but we used to have some times together in the old days. I'd take him about, you know—used to look after him quite a lot after our mother died."

### CAPTAINED RUSSIAN POLO TEAM

COLONEL CRIPPS must be the only Englishman to have captained a Russian team at polo.

"Before the Revolution—captained the military over there against a civilian side.

"Yes, I made a lot of money in Russia. Went back after the Revolution and made a corner in baking-powder. What do you think of that, eh? Flogging baking-powder to the Bolsheviks."

"Did too well, though. They confiscated the lot."

We walked out into the club entrance and Colonel Freddy met an acquaintance. "Taxation's the devil," murmured his friend. "Crippling," said I, very wryly.

The Colonel's eyes twinkled. "Cripps-ling they'd have called it once," he murmured.

## THE ASTONISHING 'D. S. WINDELL' HE ROBBED EIGHT BANKS IN ONE MORNING

Ernest Smith tells one of the world's strangest stories

ON September 23, 1908, eight London branches of a well-known bank were each tricked into paying £290 to a man they had never seen before and who signed his cheques "D. S. Windell."

How the Edwardians chuckled in their clubs over the alias when they read their newspapers. The confounded cheek of the man to sign himself "D. S. Windell" and get away with £2,320!

But he did not quite get away with it, although it was admittedly one of the most ingenious frauds the banks had ever come across.

The man was Bernard Isaac Robert, a 23-year-old Dutch subject who for four years had lived and worked in England. His accomplice, Francis Reginald King was employed by the bank and provided the technical details. But it was Robert who provided the light relief.

By a series of forged Advice Letters to managers of various

branches of the London and South Western Bank (all received on the same morning) they made a quick haul.

Soon after breakfast Robert set out from his rooms in Malda Vale and made his way to the Victoria Station cab-rank. Chattering a motor-car he braced himself for the first test. Would the plan work at the Vauxhall branch of the bank? If it did all should be well for each of his subsequent calls would be as the bank manager.

### FIRST HURDLE

Stopping the cab a little way from the bank he told the cabbie to wait while he made a call. The doors had just opened for the day's business at 9.30 when he entered and asked to see the bank manager.

Of him he inquired if an Advice had been received from the Harlesden branch transferring his—Mr Davitt Stanley Windell's—account. He intimated that he was ready to sign the customary book. That done he asked for a cheque book and

expressed a wish to draw £290 in gold and banknotes.

A brief exchange of courtesies and Robert was outside, no doubt very relieved that he was over the first hurdle.

From there he drove on to the Clapham branch where he routine was repeated; then to Epsom, Streatham, Tulse Hill, Dulwich Forest Hill and Catford.

And so perfectly had the whole scheme been arranged that, incredible as it may have seemed afterwards, not one bank official saw anything to make him suspicious or even to prompt a passing thought that "D. S. Windell" might be an embarrassing name to carry through life.

After it was all over, of course we may be sure, there were plenty to declare that they would never have been taken in by such a name. But that was afterwards; and on this September morning certainly no suspicious halted Mr Windell's progress as he ploughed through his prepared list of branches.

No suspicion? Well, there was one person who was thinking things over. The cabbie having gone through the same procedure eight times (and received a few shillings from his fare to go on with) found that his next directions were to go to Crofton Park. There, without being told he drove up outside the London and South Western Bank itself and blandly suggested that this was what his fare wanted.

Windell was at once on his guard. Bluffing quickly he said he had changed his mind and would go to the bank's head office in Fenchurch Street. There, putting up a bold show for the cabbie's benefit, he went smartly through the main entrance, to emerge a few minutes later from another door.

But he had had enough, and with the morning's proceeds of £2,320 in his pockets he had his usual vegetarian lunch and caught the two o'clock train at Charing Cross—for Paris.

### MOST DARING

The storm broke in the bank parlours the next day when all the Advice were received at Head Office for clearing. The hunt for the unknown D. S. Windell, went on for several months, the trail over the Continent being kept warm from time to time as news of the stolen banknotes returned from circulation.

Eventually he was arrested in Madrid, extradited, and was tried at the Old Bailey in June, 1909. He pleaded guilty and told the whole story, and was sentenced to 18 months with hard labour.

His accomplice, King, got seven years' penal servitude. He it was who forged the Harlesden manager's signature and added the bank's private



Bernard Isaac Robert (alias "D. S. Windell")—from a photograph taken in court.

codeword which made the 13 Advice as watertight a means of fraud as any previously attempted.

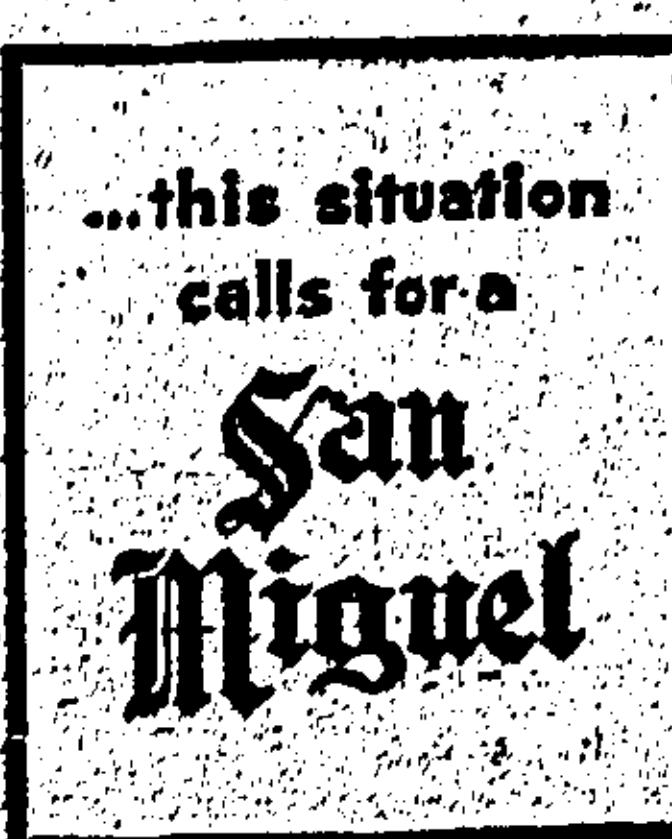
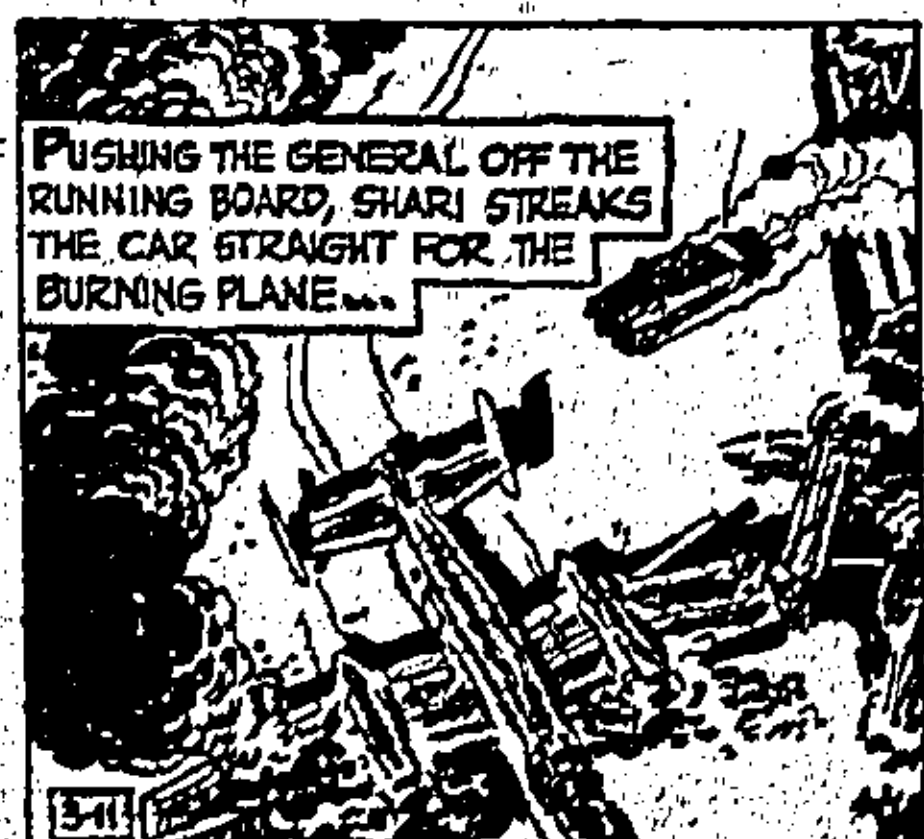
Robert, in his confession, said: "It was the devilment of the matter—the excitement, the ingenuity, the humour, the almost impossible success to crown it—which urged me to attempt the fraud. I saw myself as the hero of one of the most ingenious schemes of modern times. The very name I assumed goes to corroborate this intention."

Certainly Robert was not in need. Well educated in Rotterdam he spoke many languages, was an accomplished musician, lectured on philosophy, and helped in medical research.

And the bulk of his share of the stolen money went to other people. "I gave heaps of it away to various poor people and to a friend in Brussels who was in and in penury," he declared.

Many bank swindles have been attempted both before and since, but none will ever be as strange as this—one of the most daring banking frauds of modern times (that was, consciously, described) perpetrated by a young man who did not want the money and who deservedly chose a pseudonym which added more than a spice of danger to his crooked enterprise.

### JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a

**San Miguel**

By Frank Robbins



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ Happy Feet....In Next-To-Nothing Shoes ★



● Flimsier and flimsier, this summer's shoes are the prettiest for years. Some are just things and a sole. Some are so bare they have invisible sides to hold them on your feet. Some are of light-as-air fabrics, from pale pink linen to nylon mesh. Left: black patent thong sandal with invisible sides, from Delman. Right: blue and white pumps in nylon mesh.

## While Couture Clients Dwindle To A Few Thousands— A New Clothing Industry Booms In France

CHANGING concepts and economic standards have increased the demand for women's ready to wear clothes in France.

Until World War II, this market was practically nonexistent here. Every Frenchwoman, with her mania for individuality, bought her clothes from a couturier, had them made by a little dress-maker or, in the last resort, made her own.

Today, in France, there are only between 3,000 and 4,000 regular and faithful clients of the haute couture houses, compared with 21,000,000 women in the country who buy ready made, mass-produced clothes.

To supply the demand, there are 2,200 different manufacturers of women's garments throughout the country.

### THE IMPACT

M. Lempereur, leading manufacturer and President of the National Federation of Women's Clothing, states that his own particular business made an overall increase of 42 percent in 1954 compared with 1953.

M. Lempereur has changed his business headquarters from downtown Paris near the fabric centres to the Rue Royale, stronghold of the couture houses. He has purchased the two top floors of No. 5 Rue Royale, over the Jacques Griffe salons.

The impact of changing times and the evolution that the French market is undergoing is brought home by M. Lempereur's new wholesale showroom which, only a few years ago, was the private designing studio of one of the world's most famous couturiers, Captain Edward Molyneux.

### THE STANDARD

There are several different classifications among the wholesale houses.

Forty firms, many of whom employ designers who were formerly in haute couture, are technically entitled to call themselves "creative wholesalers." This involves a certain standard of showing the clothes on live mannequins, and first presenting the collection at special press show.

Monsieur Lempereur who was the first to realise the possibilities of uniting and developing this field, is the leader of the group, and thanks to him

the industry has made amazing progress.

He has recently returned from the United States, after making an intensive survey of methods used there. His feeling is that the American mass-produced market is ahead of France in the lower and medium price ranges, but that the French houses can turn out better styled and finished garments, in first quality fabrics, in the higher price bracket.

His own clothes are at present sold in many famous department stores. Belgium, Holland, Germany and the Scandinavian countries are the best European clients for French ready to wear clothes.

England has a very limited amount of French merchandise owing to currency restrictions and national controls.

### THE ONE DRESS

This revolution in the basic concept of the way in which French women dress does not mean that they are completely sacrificing their famous individuality. Women in the higher income brackets have also become department store conscious in the last few years. They comb the market for little dresses and extras that are ready made, but they will still buy one important costume or an evening dress a year from a well-known couturier.

Also, when compared with American standards of mass production, the French scale becomes infinitesimal. The best selling dress from the most successful wholesale collection never exceeds 800 repetitions. Considering the percentage destined for export, the margin of chance that a French woman will see "her" dress on someone else, is no greater than in the haute couture.

Leading ready to wear houses never use anything but the finest quality fabrics from the French textile houses.

The fabric manufacturers prefer to sell outright at the beginning of the season to the wholesalers, rather than have their star fabrics taken by the couturiers on consignment, and perhaps returned unused, months later if the model executed in the fabric has not been successful.

Certainly it is good prestige for a fabric house to have any of the world famous couturiers use their material, but it seldom compensates for cold hard cash.

As Monsieur Lempereur explained: "A new fabric may be offered to Couturier X at 4,000 francs (£4) a metre (just over 1 yard). This designer buys four metres for a dress and takes a piece of 100 metres on consignment. He may or may not repeat the original model, depending on the reaction of buyers and his private clientele. We, the ready to wear houses, on the other hand, will use only three metres of the same fabric for a garment, and it is sold to us at 2,700 francs (£2.14) the metre because we buy as much as 300 metres outright."

### THE GOLD RUSH

Another interesting factor is that workers receive more money by the hour in the ready to wear trade than in the haute couture. They are highly skilled operators, trained to do one specific job, such as cutting, hemming, pressing, etc.

Designers also command high salaries, and many have left the couture ranks to follow the gold rush to ready to wear industry.—China Mail Special.

### HOUSEHOLD HINT

When fitting or buying a dress, blouse or suit, notice the top shoulder seam. It should be centred on top of the shoulder and inconspicuous from front and back.

## THOSE DILETTANTES MAKE ME MAD!

Says Anne Scott-James

LONDON. I ASKED for tea and she brought me coffee.

"So sorry," she said with a giggle. "I never can remember who's ordered what."

She was a waitress in a West End snack bar.

I asked the price of some dishes and if they were fireproof.

"I don't know the price exactly," she said, "but I expect they're labelled somewhere. I don't know if they're fireproof, but they don't look as if they'd crack."

She was a salesgirl in a china and glass department.

★ ★ ★

I asked about her shorthand typing.

"I'm afraid my typing is a bit rocky," but it ought to get better when I've had some practice. What time would I get away on Fridays? Mum says I must catch the 5.15."

She'd come to see me for a job.

Goodness, how mad they make me the nibblers at jobs, the dilettantes, the dabblers. The girls who want the money but can't be bothered to learn the technique.

It's nice that today there's work for everyone and everyone works. But the pay-off is the battalions of amateurs who give the customer such half-baked service.

YOU FIND THEM in shops... the girls who chat behind the counter while you wait for attention, who know less about the stock than you do, and say "No, we've nothing like that" before you've said what you want.

YOU FIND THEM in offices... the girls who are always in the cloakroom making up, and who can't spell the managing director's name.

YOU FIND THEM in fashion... the girls who mess about as dressmakers or designers.

"Betty has such good taste," her mother tells you proudly. But has Betty learned to cut, to fit, to tailor? Not on your life.

YOU FIND THEM in catering... the girls who open soup kitchens or serve at coffee bars. But how clear they make it that they're really "ladies" that they're only doing it for fun.

YOU FIND THEM in interior decorating... because they love Queen Anne houses and have an eye for colour. But their curtains never hang straight and their furniture wobbles.

In the next few weeks, as the universities come down, as the schools break up, as the dots say farewell to the season, thousands of girls will start in their first jobs. They'll be young—all the better. Inexperienced—doesn't matter. But if they start with the amateur attitude they're doomed.

★ ★ ★

What makes an amateur? What makes a pro?

I've collected opinions from some of the most famous employers in Britain.

WHITNEY STRAIGHT (deputy chairman of B.O.A.C.): "A pro, in our business is a person who can sink personal feelings."

"Our staff must take changes of schedule or suddenness from passengers in their stride."

EDWARD RAYNE (youngest chairman of a public company in Britain): "The pro has a strong desire to earn money. The amateur reaches a certain salary level and makes no effort to earn that much more."

LORD CHANDOS (formerly Oliver Lyttelton): "A pro is someone who has thoroughly studied the theory as well as the practice of a profession."

"Obviously a business secretary must be expert in the mechanics of shorthand and typing. But she should also know broadly how the business

## Why Do Artists Idealise Their Subjects? The Portrait That Flatters...

WHAT does a woman expect when she sits to have her portrait painted? From a study of recent pictures in London art exhibitions, it seems that the last thing she desires is to be portrayed as she really is.

Ballerina Margot Fonteyn is being painted by Pietro Annigoni, the Italian painter who produced this year's Academy "nude" picture of the Queen. The result will be idealised, no suspicion of a line or wrinkle, not the faintest blemish on the skin, the hair more lustrous, the complexion more luminous and the eyes more sparkling than, true life.

### DIFFICULT SITTERS

"Women want to see in their pictures the woman they'd like to be," controversial artist Graham Sutherland tells me, and adds "That's what makes them difficult sitters." Poor Mr Sutherland has also dis-

covered that some male sitters feel the same way.

No woman could look in real life quite so like an ethereal chocolate-box cover as John Wheatley's picture of Mrs Michael Hughes-Hallett, with its fine-spun gold hair, bright blue eyes and pink and white cheeks.

Lady Churchill is a well-preserved and good-looking woman, but her face has been moulded by experience through the busy years. None of this appears in John Napper's new portrait of Lady Churchill. It is a fairy-tale idealisation, with silvery hair, and the eyes are too blue, the face too unlined, the skin too pink and white for reality.

Another painter who has the touch of the Old Masters made popular by Annigoni is John Merton. He has portrayed Mrs Julian Salmood as a brooding madonna. Viscountess Cranborne is a lovely woman, but her cheeks, really as rosy and as

Henry Lamb, RA, would have us believe?

Do women enjoy these subtle flatteries in paint? It seems that they do. It is for these delicate compliments from the artist's paintbrush that they sit for hours and hours or are happy to pay substantial fees.

### PICTORIAL MOMENT

One notable exception is, of course, Lucien Freud, whose pictures of his lovely wife, the former Lady Caroline Blackwood, are certainly not idealised.

I asked artist Nicolas Eggon, just back from an Italian trip and well known for his sketches of beautiful women, why it is that most artists idealise their subjects. For himself he claims that he tries to catch his sitters at a pictorial moment.

"Even the plainest woman," he says, "has her moments of beauty or character, and this is what I try to capture in my sketch."

—Eileen Ascroft

Jacketed, fit for a Princess



A royal welcome to all sun and moonlight hours! The shrug jacket is a real change-of-mood artist, tops a beguilingly bare dress that sweeps into a voluminous skirt. Icy white grosgrain ribbon treads its bodice. In blended cotton and chromspun acetate that washes, resists wrinkles beautifully. Olive green, lavender, orange, melon, pink, blue or turquoise. Size 7 to 15.

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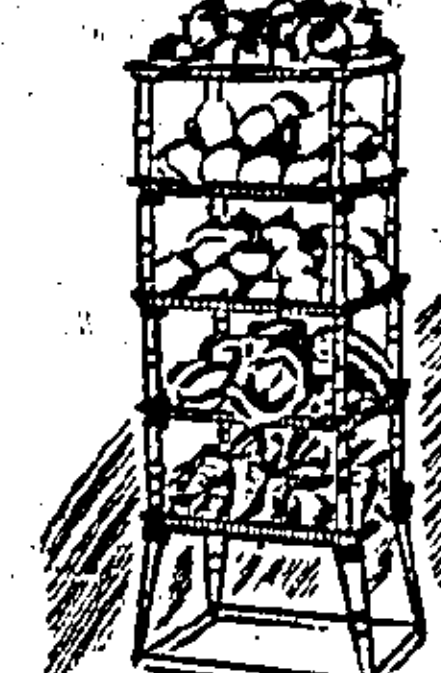
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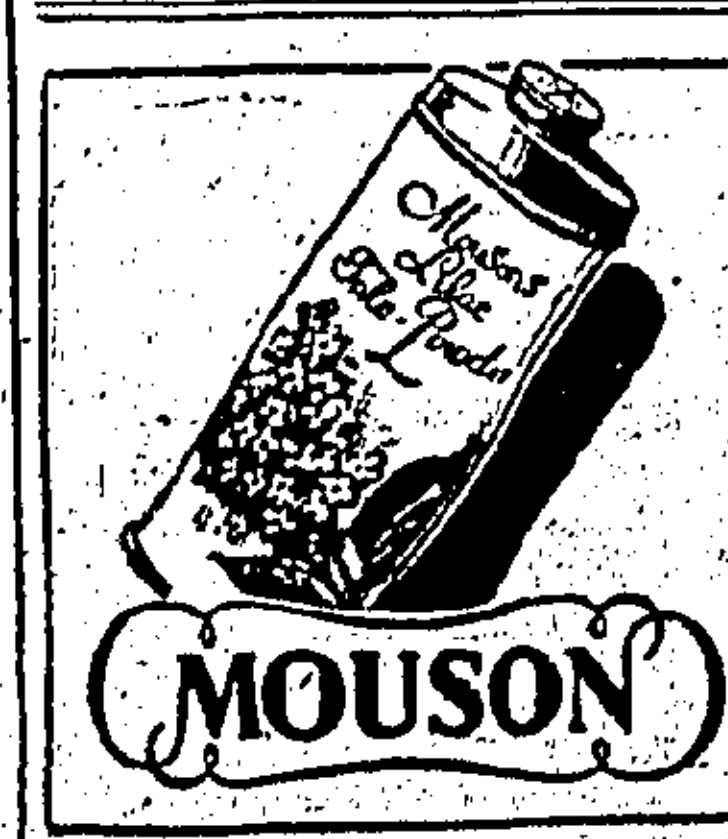
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HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, chatting with Mr Everett F. Drumright, United States Consul-General, and Mrs Drumright, at the Fourth of July (Independence Day) reception. Right: Also seen at the reception—the Acting Chief Justice, Mr Justice T. J. Gould, and the Colonial Secretary, the Hon. E. B. David. (Staff Photographer)



MR Pelayo F. Llamas, Consul for the Philippines, receiving guests at the Philippines Independence Day celebration held at the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce. Right: Lady Grantham photographed at the same reception with Miss Lola Young (left) and Miss Lilia Dixon, two actresses who will have starring roles in the joint Philippines-Chinese picture, "Sanda Wong," which is being filmed in Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



MR Kan Choi and Mr Wong Kwei, two Directors of the Po Leung Kuk, greeting each other at a reunion dinner of past and present Directors of the institution which took place at the China Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Minnie Teng, of the Hongkong office of British Overseas Airways Corporation, who went to London to compete in the "Miss Speedbird" contest, poses beside one of the guns in the Tower of London. London Bridge is seen in the background.



RIGHT: Two pictures taken at the Canadian Club's Dominion Day dance at the Peninsula Hotel. Top: Mr R. G. Dunlop, President of the Club, greeting guests. Bottom: Dr and Mrs Ernest To with Mrs Linda Roberts. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At the dinner given by Mr and Mrs A. D. Gulab at the India Club for their son, Mr D. Gulab, Jr (fourth from left), before his departure from the Colony. (Staff Photographer)



THE large number of volunteers from King George V School, Gan Club Hill School, St George's School and Minden Row School who took part in the Schoolboys' Boxing Smoker held at the Missions to Seamen recently. They provided an excellent evening's entertainment for a large audience.

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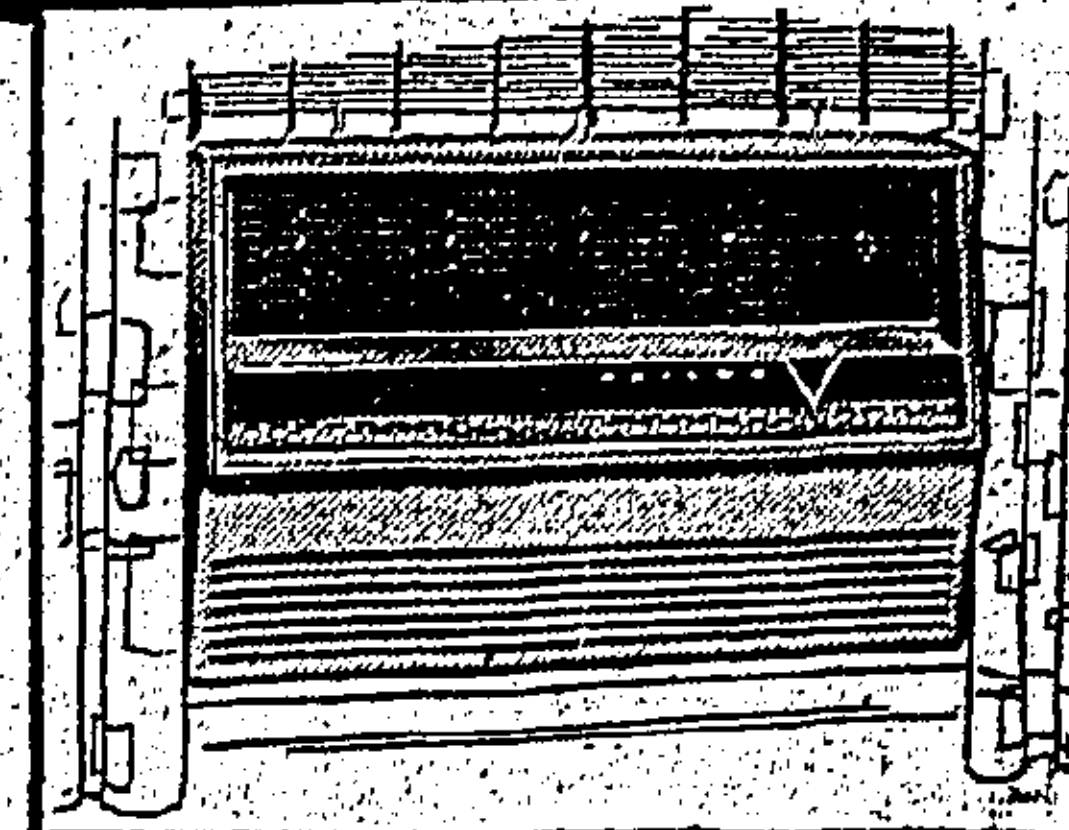
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# HONG-KONG

citizens crowd the new Queen's Pier to hear the Band of the Republic of Korea

Naval Squadron which called at Hong-kong this week on an operational visit. Right: Officers and ratings of the ROK Navy lined up at the Cenotaph before the laying of a wreath by Commodore Lee Hi-jung. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Children of Salvation Army schools taking part in the street march last Saturday to celebrate "Founder's Day" and to launch a new evangelical campaign. In lower picture, one of the seven new Salvation Army cadets commissioned this week, Mr P. K. Kong, receiving credentials from Lt-Col. F.E. Jewkes. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Sir Robert Ho Tung, who left this week by air for London to receive the accolade of the KBE from Her Majesty the Queen, bids goodbye to well-wishers at Kai Tak Airport before emplaning. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan, recently awarded the OBE by Her Majesty the Queen, received the congratulations of members of the North Point Kalfong Welfare Advancement Association at a dinner party held at the Metropole Restaurant on Tuesday. Mr Ngan, who is President of the Association, thanking his hosts. (Staff Photographer)



MR Duncan Mcl. Campbell (right), Superintendent Engineer of the China Navigation Co., Ltd., who is retiring, seen at a party at the offices of Messrs Butterfield and Swire when the Hon. J. A. Blackwood (left) made a presentation to him from his colleagues. (Staff Photographer)



The Hon. Con O'Neill, Britain's new Charge d'Affaires in Peking, (centre), left by train to take up his post on Thursday. He is seen before departure with Mr P. G. Dalton (right) and Mr I. B. Trevor. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Little Miss Emily Kong receiving a prize from Mrs B. J. M. Monks at the annual speech day of the Diocesan Preparatory School on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)

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AT the conclusion of the annual swimming sports of Gun Club Hill School, Group Captain J. F. Newman presenting prizes to the winners. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The Rev. Fr. Ambrosio Poletti, Italian Consul-General, after being presented with the Insignia of Knighthood of the Italian Republic. Fr Poletti has won wide recognition for his humanitarian work for missionaries and other refugees from China. (Staff Photographer)

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## PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

## SOME FIX-IT PROJECTS

By Eleanor Ross

IN her own wardrobe, as well as in the rest of her domain, it's the little things that try the patience of the housewife. But with a few simple tricks, her lot can be made easier.

Can't afford a new hat? The old one can be made to look like new. First, look at the veil. If the veil looks wilted, it will detract from your appearance—no matter how well the hat becomes you.

## TO FRESHEN A VEIL

To make it look fresh, cover it with waxed paper, then go over it lightly with a steam iron. Steaming over a kettle is a good restorative, too.

To spot-clean hats of straw, fabric, pique, lace or silk, use carbon tetrachloride, as most designers and hat workrooms do. The trick here is not to soak a piece of clean gauze with the liquid but just to dampen it. Using too much of the cleaning liquid will mean that the dirt will liquefy and sink like a dye into the material, leaving it worse than before. So, with a lightly moistened gauze pad, start from the centre of the spot or stain and work outward lightly beyond its edges.

Do the work in a well-ventilated room. Give felt hats a good brushing, if very stained or

matted. Rub gently with very fine grained sandpaper—No. 00, if it is available—then brush carefully to fluff out the pile.

Treat new hats with care. Never, never neglect to fill the crowns with tissue paper and softly arrange the veil over a layer of tissue paper, too. Curved brims should be plumped out with tissue paper and the hat placed carefully in a hat box.

Household aids that make life simple for you, will give better service if you give them a little care.

Place mats, serve their purpose well but are difficult to store. Try fastening a 6-inch spring clamp inside a kitchen closet door and hang the mats from it. The spring action makes it easy to remove and replace the mats and prevents edges from cracking or bending. Use it for the mats you use every day.

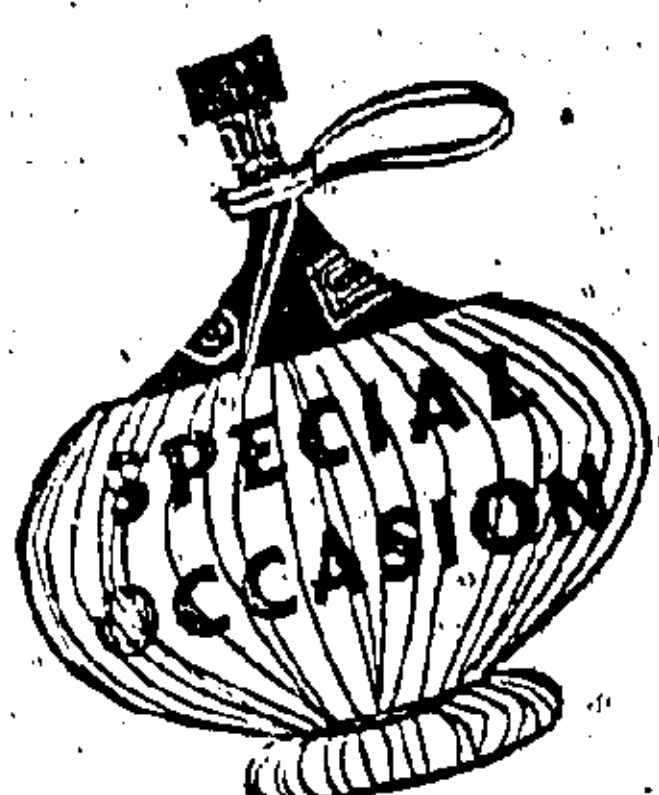
## BRASS AND METAL

Most brass objects are covered with a clear lacquer to prevent tarnishing. Eventually, the lacquer wears off and then it becomes necessary to remove the entire film. Wear rubber gloves for this chore and apply the solution with a brush or cloth.

To make the solution, use 8 oz. caustic soda to a half gallon of water plus a little soap. This will soften the coating so that it is easily rubbed off.

After removing the film, rinse brass piece with cold water. Then polish clean surface with any standard metal polish. Rinse and dry thoroughly.

Next apply a thin coating of a good transparent lacquer with a pressurized spray tin. Two coats may be needed. But for articles that are handled often, wax may prove a better protection than lacquer. It's much easier to remove, too.



FOR this luncheon—one leaning Italian-wards—Eileen Ascroft and I invited Diana Churchill, the actress, Mary Reynolds, a member of a Cookery Club, with Leslie Hardern, founder and chairman of Television's Inventors' Club, to select the wines. The idea is, of course, to prepare and give the sort of meal needed on a Special Occasion where normal budgeting does not count for so much.

As on the first occasion, the preparation of the main parts of the first course took place well in advance; the sweet was made an hour or two before the meal; leaving the main course to receive attention just before the guests arrived. Again, too, our guests were an unknown quantity as far as food and wine were concerned, so Mr Hardern and I decided on a slightly different plan.

If you remember, we came a slight cropper on our choice of sweet and wine at our first lunch. Two of the women guests found this last wine much too sweet and one preferred cheese to a sweet in any case. So this time we agreed to have no wine with the sweet and to follow the Continental custom of serving the cheese after the main course, with the sweet to follow it. This worked out well.

## The aperitifs

For our aperitifs, Mr Hardern chose a rich vermouth which, I am pleased to say, was greatly appreciated by our guests.

I myself found it a little bitter at first, but quickly liked it, too—much, I think, to my relief. He knows his Italian wines as few British people do, for not only is he a gourmet but he also lived in Italy. This particular vermouth—Purt e Mes (Carpano)—cost 25s. a bottle, but should be charged against the meal at 12s. 6d. because there was half a bottle left.

## The menu

Purt e Mes (Carpano)  
Valpolicella  
Uova Sode col Sprinacci  
(Stuffed eggs)  
Pomodori col Tonno  
(Stuffed tomatoes)

Chianti Rufino  
Scaloppine al Marsala  
(Escallops of veal)  
Zucchini Trifolati al Sale  
(Baby vegetable marrows)  
Tagliatelle al Burro  
(Noodles)

Framagione  
(Gorgonzola and Bel Paese)  
Zabaglione  
Coffee

The halved, hard-boiled eggs were filled with a mixture of the sieved yolks, sieved spinach, cottage cheese and grated

Farmesan, flavoured with grated from the giblets and bones of the previous week's chicken and stored in the refrigerator, quickly reduced them to a nice essence and poured it over the veal in the platter.

The unexpected baby marrows were sliced and fried in butter. Fortunately, all my guests decided to have just a touch of garlic with them and, of course, I gave them a nice sprinkling of chopped parsley.

The Valpolicella, a dryish red wine was chosen because it was light and fragrant, a complement to the first course. Everyone liked it very much.

## Escallops of veal

For these I went to my favourite Continental butcher, who cuts the meat from the leg of veal in thin slanting slices. He flattened these out still further with the side of his cleaver. The five escallops cost me 10s. 6d.

I tried them on both sides, quickly in butter and transferred them to a heated platter. To the pan I added a little marsala and chicken stock (saved

## MISS CHURCHILL takes the recipe home . . .



## HELEN BURKE

holds the second of her lunches for the hostess who wishes to be different. This time she tries the Italian Touch...and something different with the wine.

Around the table: Diana Churchill, Leslie Hardern, Helen Burke, Mary Reynolds and Eileen Ascroft.

what the Italians call an *af dente* state—that is, chewable, of course). I allowed one egg yolk and added one extra, making six egg yolks in all. For each yolk I allowed a good teaspoon of sugar and a half egg shell of Marsala (which is approximately a spirit measure). To the lot I added a tiny pinch of salt. I beat these in a bowl, just enough to mix them, placed the bowl over a pan of hot water, but not touching the water, and whisked and whisked until the eggs had swollen to almost three times their original bulk.

The Chianti Rufino needs no explaining. To many of us, it is a supreme Italian red wine. We all applauded its choice, especially as it also went so well with the cheese—a fat Gorgonzola, which the ladies did not take, and the Bel Paese, which they did.

## Zabaglione

The Zabaglione, a favourite, I believe, with men and women alike, is one of the "safest" sweets we can serve. Diana Churchill, whose favourite it was, was particularly pleased with it. I served it cold, and it seems, she can no longer get it cold elsewhere. Here is the recipe which I gave her:

## Tagliatelle

These are noodles  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide. I boiled them in lots of salted water, just long enough to soften them, but still leave them in



## VERDICT

by Diana Churchill

● The lunch surprised me. It was so light, yet so sustaining. I must say the vermouth was a bit too bitter for me, although once it was down it felt much more pleasant.

● I am one of those people who know nothing about wines except whether I like them or not—and Mr Hardern seemed to have the most astonishing ability for choosing what I like.

● But it was the Zabaglione that made the lunch for me. Served cold, it was sheer perfection. Now that I have the recipe I am ready to spring this sweet on my husband. We're rivals in the kitchen but he will find it difficult to beat this.

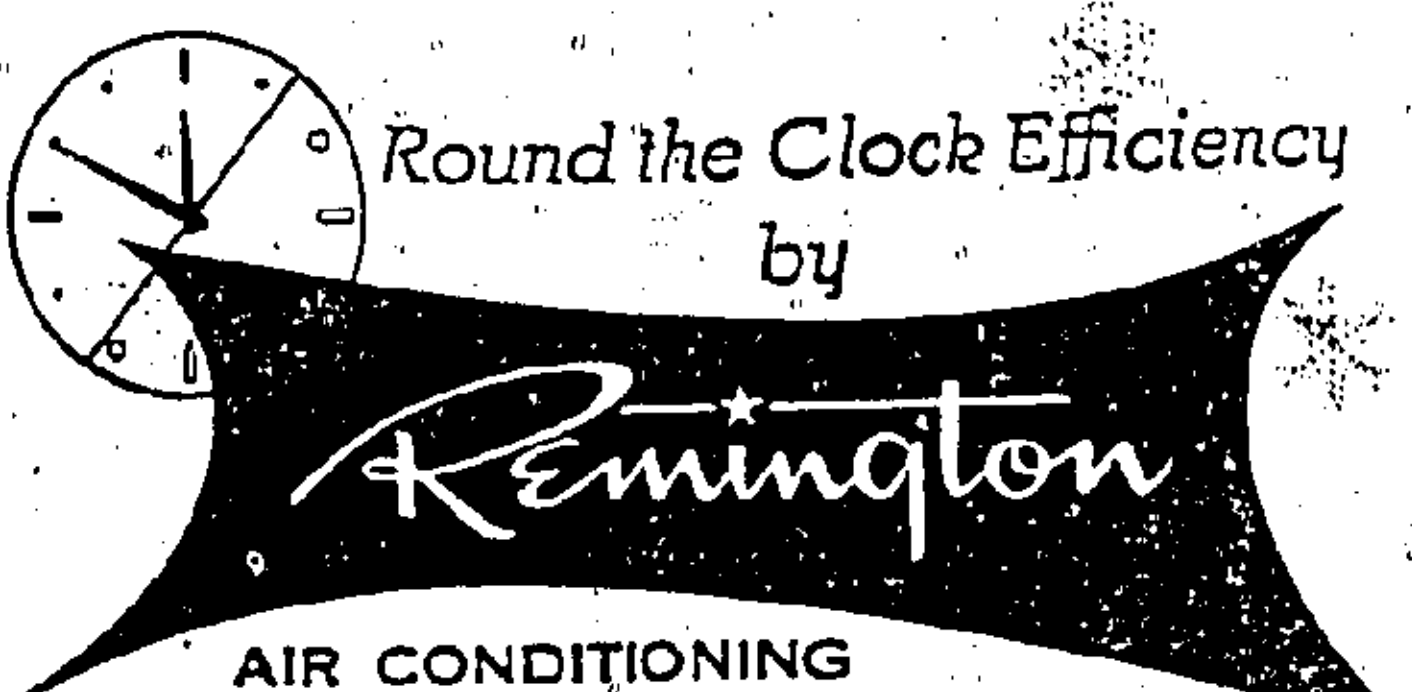
can see how important it was to break the sequence of the flavour with the cheese.

## Dry Wine Adds Zest To Barbecue Sauce

New York. Want to give the gourmet touch to barbecued sauer? Try adding wine, preferably one of the dry whites. Here's one recipe developed by the test kitchens for the Bordeaux wine producers.

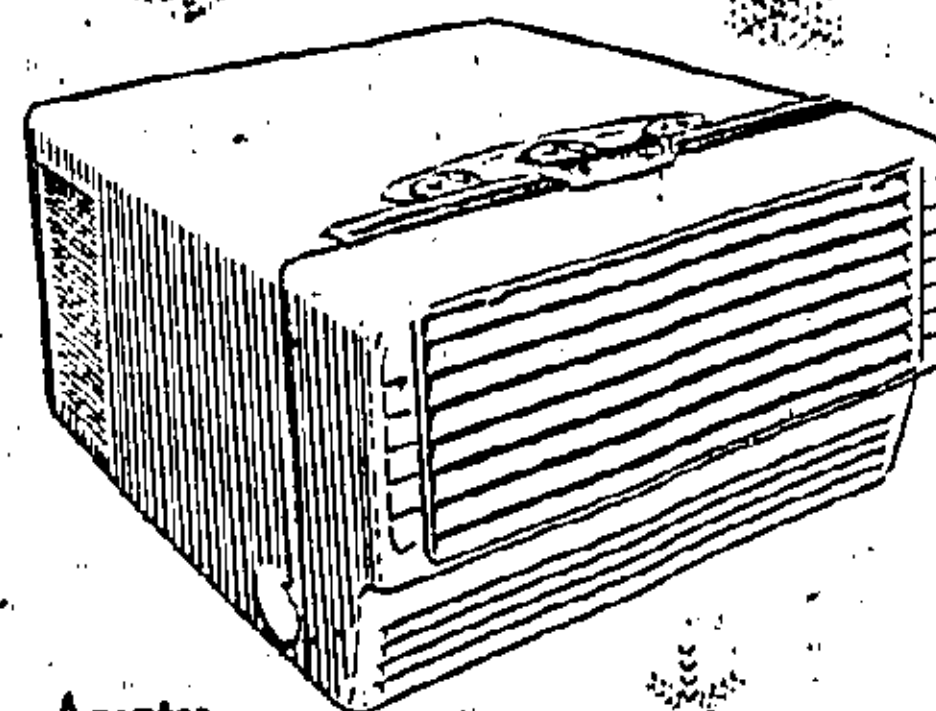
$\frac{1}{4}$  cup. Bordeaux dry white wine;  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup salad oil; 1 teaspoon vinegar;  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup minced onion; 1 teaspoon salt;  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper; 1 teaspoon dry mustard;  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon rosemary and 1 clove of garlic, split in half.

Combine all ingredients, stirring until the salt dissolves. Let stand overnight. Remove the garlic. Use over steaks, chops and any other red meat. Yield, 3 1/3 cups.—United Press.



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## Fabrics Play A New Role In Home Decoration

NEW YORK. FABRICS are playing a brand new role in home decorating.

Once used primarily for curtains, draperies and slipcovers, they now help to control light, heat, sound and ventilation, to conceal flaws in architecture, to serve as room dividers, even as "frames" for pictures.

The versatility of "curtain goods" was stressed at a recent model room exhibit of the Celanese Corporation of America. The 24 rooms were decorated by John and Earline Brice, a young New York industrial design team.

## NOISE CONTROL

The Brices said noise control is one of the major problems in decorating today's homes, which by earlier standards are usually smaller, lighter in construction and filled with such "noise-makers" as radio, television and high-fidelity sets.

One solution to the noise problem: cover the whole wall with fabric, which tones down as it decorates. The Brices showed a living room, wall of built-in book shelves, TV set and hi-fi, concealed with luxurious pull curtains of printed fortan and rayon fabric.

Another room—this one housing a grand piano—featured wall covering from floor to ceiling. The top of the covering was of café length sheer curtains, to admit light through high step windows combined with heavier standard length drapery panels to cover the hard surface of the wall and improve sound absorption.

## AS SHADES

New for light and sun control are fabric window shades, rigged like bamboo shades to raise and lower.

To conceal a poorly finished wall above a bed, the Brices hung a quilted fabric panel from floor to ceiling the width of the bed, then repeated the fabric in a bedspread.

Washable fabric also is used to make slit blinds which open and close vertically, rather than like the venetian kind.

Good idea any homemaker can do herself: Let a panel of fabric act as "frame" for a dozen or so prints. The Brices showed a panel of pale pink cotton acetate—measuring approximately four by six feet—attached to brass rods at top and bottom. Various size prints, many of them colour photographs, were pasted to the panel with rubber cement.

## French Hip-Length Sports Sweater

Materials:—10 (11) (12) ozs. Emu Botany 3 ply Fingering in White, 5 (5) (6) ozs. Emu Botany 4 ply Fingering in Black, 3 (4) (5) ozs. Emu Botany 2 ply Fingering in White, 1 pair each of No. 11 and 14 Knitting Needles, 29 (30) (31) inch open end zip.

Measurements:—Bust: 34 inches, 36 inches, 38 inches; Length: 28 inches, 27 inches, 28 inches; Sleeve seam: 18 inches, 18 inches, 18 inches; Tension: 9 1/2 sts. and 9 1/2 rows to 1 sq. inch over pattern.

Abbreviations:—K, knit; p, purl; st(s), stitch(es); ins, inches; dec, decrease; beg, beginning; tog, together; w, white; b, black.

Note: These instructions are given in three sizes, stitches and measurements for the smallest size being given in the ordinary way and stitches and measurements for the larger sizes being bracketed in the following spaces.

## BACK

Using two No. 14 needles and 2 ply wool, cast on 132 (132) (202) sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 4 ins. Make a hem by picking up 182 (182) (202) loops from cast on edge with a spare needle, then laying this needle behind, rib 1 stitch from each needle together all along the row. Change to No. 11 needles and 3 ply wool.

1st row. (wrong side) x P. 2, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, w. rep. from x to last 2 sts, p. 2.

2nd row. K. 2, join in black wool, x k. 1, b. k. 1, w. k. 1, b. k. 2, w. rep. from x to end.

3rd row. x P. 2, b. p. 1, w. p. 1, b. p. 1, w. rep. from x to last 2 sts, p. 2, b.

4th row. Using white wool, x k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, rep. from last 2 sts, p. 2.

Rows 1 to 4 complete pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures 15 (15 1/2) (18) ins.

Shape Armholes: Dec. 1 stitch at both ends of next and every following alternate row until 158 (164) (170) sts. remain. Continue in pattern on these sts. until work measures 26 (27) (28) ins. from beg.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 11 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows and 11 (12) (13) sts. at beg. of following 2 rows. Cast off remaining 70 (74) (78) sts. for back neck.

## RIGHT FRONT

Using two No. 14 needles and 2 ply wool, cast on 72 (77) (82) sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 4 ins. Make a hem as in instructions for back. Change to No. 11 needles and 3 ply wool and proceed in pattern as given for back until work measures 15 (15 1/2) (18) inches from beg.

Shape Armhole: Decrease 1 stitch at armhole edge on next and every following alternate row until 60 (63) (66) sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 26 (27) (28) ins. from beg. ending at side edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 11 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows and 11 (12) (13) sts. at beg. of following alternate row. Work 1 row and cast off remaining 16 (18) (20) sts. for neck.

## LEFT FRONT

Work as instructions for Right Front, working all shapings at the opposite end of the row.

## SLEEVES

Using a back stitch seam, join shoulders. Using No. 11 needles and 3 ply wool knit up 217



(227) (237) sts. Now work in for 4 ins. Cast off. Double pattern as given in instructions neck band on to wrong side and for back, decreasing 1 stitch at hem to pick up edge.

## FRONT BANDS (2)

Left Front: Right side of work facing, using No. 14 needles and 2 ply wool, knit up 280 (290) (300) sts. from top of neck band to base of rib and (13) (2) (2), k. 2 tog, k. 1 (1) work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 4 ins. Cast off. For Right Front band knit up sts. from base of rib to neck and 2 ply wool and top of neck band.

## TO COMPLETE

Pin out each piece of garment to correct measurements and press with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Turn front bands and sleeve cuffs on to (22) sts. across back neck. 28 (22) (24) sts. down left side of neck 80 (90) (100) sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib on these sts. centre front.

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## DO WE ARGUE FROM STRENGTH?

A GUIDE TO THE SUMMIT TALKS

By  
CHAPMAN  
PINCHER

THE British hydrogen bomb now being developed at Aldermaston, Berks, is believed to be superior to anything the Americans have yet devised.

When Sir Anthony talks with Marshal Bulganin, he will be the first Prime Minister to feel really confident that the massed manpower of the Red Army could be held east of the Rhine.

### Atoms And Empire

It is more ingenious in design, cheaper to produce and easier to carry in an aircraft. Sir William Penney and his team have hit on an idea—far removed from the H-bomb as originally conceived—which could save the Americans millions of dollars. It is tragic that because the Americans will not agree to complete interchange of atomic information with Britain they cannot be let into the secret.

It does mean that if Sir Anthony Eden has to take a tough line with the Russians at the "summit" talks at Geneva he will not be shaking his fist from behind America's skirts.

Britain is now a front-rank atomic power in her own right with facilities for producing force.

AGAIN, mainly through the genius of Penney, Britain has a rapidly growing stockpile of tactical atomic bombs designed for use against troops on the battlefield. During their most truculent phase the Russians based their strategy on the conviction that the West had no effective counter to the Red Army.

Now, with tactical bombs in the hands of formidable defence forces, Western Europe is no longer a sitting duck for a surprise Soviet attack. The Russians know that a thrust by the Red Army could be held long enough for Soviet cities to be devastated by H-bombing.

Atomic armaments cannot be made without a plentiful supply of uranium. Here again Sir Anthony will argue from commanding strength: for while the Allies have access to fabulous supplies of uranium there is strong evidence that the Russians are short of it.

In the Erzgebirge mountains in East Germany the Russians are working "dry rocks" of poor-grade ore. In contrast, vast new strikes of rich uranium ore have been discovered in Canada and Australia.

The atom has enormously enhanced the importance of the Empire. Without Empire uranium Britain would be a second-rate power.

The Russians know that even if Britain were destroyed in a surprise attack, retaliation would descend on Soviet cities from Empire bases equipped with atomic weapons.

### Aircraft

BRITAIN needs a big force of aircraft capable of delivering the H-bomb over long ranges, and has not yet got it. But there is no reason to believe that Russia is any stronger.

Defence chiefs argue that it is the bombers which will be available in five to 10 years now that matter. They are satisfied that since the death of Stalin the risk of "hot" war has rapidly receded. The Prime Minister knows that in jet-bomber development Britain is unsurpassed.

In fighter research we are several years behind the Americans—and probably also behind the Russians—because the post-war planners lacked courage.

### Guided Missiles

SIR ANTHONY EDEN will not be buoyant about Britain's guided missile programme either for it is far behind schedule. The Staff Chiefs originally fixed 1955 as the year when anti-aircraft guided missiles and guided artillery rockets would be in the hands of the Services.

Sound-launched A.A. missiles are yet in production and the Government has had to borrow artillery rockets from the Americans so that troops can be trained in handling them. Again, there is no reason to suppose that the Russians have made more progress.

The delay is due almost entirely to the immensity of the problems—which were hopelessly under-estimated when the programme started.

In developing A.A. missiles the Russians face the same difficulty—that of getting 200lb. of high explosive up 12 miles in time to intercept a bomber flying at 1,000 miles an hour.

True, the Americans have done better than we have, but I can reveal that not one of the U.S. guided missiles is considered good enough for combat use by British forces.

### Submarines

THE Russians have six times as many submarines as the Royal Navy, but brilliant new developments by British scientists have now made them highly susceptible to attack. One new device for locating submarines has proved so successful in trials that the U.S. Navy and the whole of Western Union have adopted it.

This is a scientific victory for one of the many industrial firms which now have big teams working on defence problems. With the thousands of scientists in the Government laboratories these men make up an army of defence talent which I believe is without parallel in the world.

### Intelligence

THE vital "Fourth Arm" of defence—Intelligence—has been expanded and improved in the last year. A streamlined Central Intelligence Agency has been set up. The Iron Curtain does not sit nearly so tightly as most people



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## A Plea By Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.

# LADIES, MAKE YOUR MEN DRESS UP!

THREE or four weeks ago I was the guest hire a morning coat and a top-hat. It was, of course, the Second World War that caused immense social changes, and only a fool would claim that none of them was beneficial. Theatres opened at 6 or 6.30 in the evening and thousands of office workers, after a sandwich and a cup of tea, would go direct to the play. As a result the theatre became more vital than it had been for a long time. I shall never forget the glory of those performances given by the Old Vic Company which Sir Laurence Olivier and Sir Ralph Richardson resurrected. The modern British theatre has never been so significant as in those terrible, glorious years.

### A LEGACY

THERE was however one unfortunate legacy. When peace came the drabness of wartime was continued. No longer did the "carriage trade" (as they were once called) dress for the theatre. In appearance London had become the largest provincial town in the world. Now this, I claim, is bad business. London is not only the capital of England but it is the greatest metropolis in existence. Americans and Canadians, loaded with dollars, come to enjoy the wonders of what Robert Louis Stevenson called the Great Baghdad of the West. And we who are Londoners should play our part in dressing to the occasion. But what happens now? A friend of mine wore tails and a white tie to Covent Garden recently and he told me the only recognition he got was from people who, in the intervals, asked him where the washroom was. They knew he must be an official of some kind or he would not be wearing that uniform. Perhaps it is the American influence upon us. The American male is, of course, the worst dressed person in the civilised world. Watch him and his wife in New York arriving at "21" or the Colony Restaurant or any of these expensive, swaggy places. His wife has a mink coat, a saucy hat, and she is shod and stockinged to perfection.

### PARADOX

BEHIND her walks her husband, on the back of his head, and a loose shapely overcoat with his hands in his pockets. He looks, in fact, like nothing so much as an escort to a female at Capone. Nor does he alter his habits in the evening. If he decides to take his wife to the theatre (or more likely if she decides he could afford to pay £10

tendency for guests to wear their everyday clothes to these parties. It may well be that some Members of Parliament may not be able to afford the hire of such a costume, and in such a case there can be no possible criticism.

Yet I have seen certain members of Parliament, to whom the expense would mean nothing, turning up in their work-day costume. This is rank bad manners and nothing else. This is brandishing democracy in the very face of pagantry. This is ostentatious in reverse. But if a masonic function these same men wear the appropriate livery and would be ashamed to do otherwise.

### FIRST NIGHTS

I AM well aware that among my readers there are people from every walk of life, including the well-to-do, the medium income group, and those who cannot afford the fineries and the trappings of dress. There, here my criticism is directed only towards those who are able to wear formal dress but simply will not bother.

For many years I was a London dramatic critic, and of course, a first night is something of a social event. We critics do not pay for our seats and the least we can do, in return, is to wear formal evening dress. Yet many of my professional colleagues do to such thing. There is no excuse for them. They are well paid and they have plenty of time to change their clothes.

The people in the cheaper seats in the galleries enjoy seeing beautifully dressed women and smartly clothed men. I know this for a fact, and there is no jealousy or envy about it. To dress for the opera, the ballet or the play is to pay a compliment to the artists. They give of their best, and by our dress, we should show our respect.

### ROMANCE

AT the end of the day the middle income man comes home from his office or factory or store. He is tired and almost groggy at the thought that he and his wife have tickets for the theatre. The fact that his wife has not been out all day does not occur to him, if by chance he gives it any thought. But if he has a bath and changes into evening dress, and if he pours himself a drink, he is suddenly as fresh as a cut. The years fall away. His conversation is lively, and he feels a sense, even though it be slight, of elegance. As for his wife, the household cares fade into the gathering twilight and she is almost like a girl going to a ball. To him she looks prettier than seemed possible. And when they leave the house there is adventure and romance in the air.

Now I must change, for I have to go to an all-male dinner. What a pity! When dusk comes and early evening cast its spell the thoughts of men turn lightly and rightly to women. As it was in the beginning so it will be until the end.



## POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"It would seem, Lady Sealham, that General Peron is not the only one who has still to learn that it seldom pays to fall foul of the Church!"

# The Mystic on a Mountain cannot find peace

ANTIC HAY. By Aldous Huxley. Penguin. 2s. 6d. 254 pages.

THIRTY-TWO years divide Aldous Huxley from the writing of "Antic Hay," now reissued with nine other Huxley books in paper-covered form. In 1923 he was a tall, thin young man down from Eton and Balliol, with a burden of almost unbearable erudition and a reputation of dazzling brilliance. His

were the epigrams, the limericks, the conversation that was most in the mode. He was immensely precocious, inordinately up to date.

The newest hint from the biologists' laboratories, the latest whisper from the consulting rooms of the psycho-analysts, the baroque architect or Renaissance painter who was just coming into fashion just then, and Huxley had pounced on it with his prehensile mind, inspected it with horrified fascination as if it were something novel and slightly sinister that had turned up under a microscope—and put it into his novels.

For example, into "Antic Hay."

There the novelist's mood is still one of ferocious enjoyment. The writing is precise and elegant. It is witty and unaccountably penetrating, compared with Huxley the satirist. Waugh seems a literary butterfly.

More important, the novel is profusely inventive; human—there is tenderness in the portrait of the hero's father, a dear old-fashioned atheist watching the starlings as they manoeuvre over his square in Paddington—humorous.

Theodore Gumbrell, BA (Oxon), is saved from his life as a schoolmaster by a happy inspiration which comes while he is sitting on the hard wooden seat in the school chapel, pneumatic trousers, bringing comfort to those with under-

nourished hams—Gumbrell's Patent Small-clothes—"For prayer, Gumbrell reflected, there would be Dunlop knees."

He takes the idea to his tailor, the philosophical Mr. Bojanus, a figure Dickens might have drawn. ("When the revolution comes, it won't be the owning of a little money that'll get a man into trouble. It'll be his class-habits, Mr Gumbrell.")

Mr. Bojanus consents to make a pair of the new trousers, for demonstration purposes, but—there follows encounters with characters like—

Mr. Mercapton, the "civilised man," whose snout face is so strangely at variance with his precious little boudoir; Casimir, Lyplatt, artist, bad poet and tormented titan; Shearwater, a physiologist who neglects his little wife, Rosie.

Rosie sees herself as a Great Lady, above moral prejudices, extending her "favours" to selected lovers until her eyes are opened by Coleman, a bearded, blasphemous satyr who drives his mistress Zoe in front of him with light taps on her haunches with his stick, like a farmer on the way to market.

It is an astounding world into which Huxley takes us: something between a menagerie and a freak show, populated by vivid portraits of human beings, whose doings are slightly insane, and highly immoral, whose talk cuts to the bone.

How fascinating it was in 1923; how likely to shock! The combination of erudition, style and scientific detachment from morals it could only upset.

But—time and Huxley's later development have shown—this air of detachment was deceptive. Behind the precision there was passion. The elegance was serious-minded. Huxley did not after all belong to the Age of Reason. Behind the grinning masks of his puppets, there peeped out already an irrational melancholy which, with the

years, deepened into something like disgust with humanity.

Today, at sixty, Huxley is less hilariously creative than when he first dashed across the London sky there is less zest behind his savagery. Where Coleman, in "Antic Hay," quotes the Church Fathers against Sex, the later Huxley seems to be asleep in those writers.

Sex is one of those disagreeable reminders—smaller are another—that man, who can write prose and admire Bach, is attached to something rather beastly called a body.

The wife who turns devout, like the rake who enters a monastery—is a traditionally figure. But Huxley has preached disgust with the world without reaching the peace of the cloister. He has withdrawn instead into experiments with Eastern philosophies and American drugs. He has become something of a mystic without acquiring a religion.

He has withdrawn from Europe, withdrawn from most of America. The ruthless, inquisitive, exploratory author of "Antic Hay" and "Those Barren Leaves" lives on a mountain 6,000 feet high, 100 miles from Los Angeles. And he is not on the telephone.

He has removed himself from the follies and the fun of mankind. If his work has gained in wisdom, it has lost in haemoglobin.

## REST OF THE NEW BOOKS

OVER THE BRIDGE, by Richard Church. Heinemann. 18s. 231 pages.

A CHILDHOOD spent in Battersea. The opening years of the century, as seen by a sensitive little boy growing up in a lower middle-class home. A book which may be missed because its tones are so quiet, yet deserves attention for graphic truth and sincerity.

THE NARROW SMILE, by Peter Mayne-Murray. 18s. 264 pages.

THE Pathans of modern Pakistan seen through the eyes of an observant, humorous Englishman. Mayne wrote The Alleys of Marrakesh.

## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

AM, THE A very British week in Britain: The Britishness began to manifest itself down at Southend when a Norwich man and his wife, tired of strolling the pier in the rain, booked themselves a ride on a "mystery coach"—one of those rides where you pay your money and insist on not being told where you're going.

Naturally, they launched a thorough protest later on, insisting on the right of every free-born Englishman to be protected from this sort of thing. But, while they were being taken for a ride, they kept a stiff upper lip. "We spent the day in Norwich cattle market to avoid meeting friends," the man reported ruefully.

Meanwhile, in Clarges, Lady Melchet was reporting on the joys, 1955 style, of being an aristocrat.

"No doubt about it," she said, "roughing it is enormous fun." As she said it she pointed disdainfully at the Clarges carpets. "Thick carpets just irritate me these days," she said.

In Salisbury, a local reporter, struck by the summer doldrums, went out to visit a special constable—pointedly, one gathers, searching for the soul of the nation.

The national soul, apparently, is in good shape. "My position is such," said the constable, "that I have only to go up to either of the two villages in my area, and anything that should not be going on stops."

Frustrating for the Sunday newspapers, that, but still—

FLAT CHESTS Television and the movies may be responsible for round shoulders; flat chests and poor muscular development in children, according to a specialist who runs a school for unmanageable youngsters in Nottingham.

Dr Ronald Sprenger says that before the increased tendency of a boy to be entertained, "he created his own amusements and in doing so he ran off his superfluous energy, had no time to mope, and as a result generally showed a better physique, better appetite and more joie de vivre."

EASTWARD BOUND The Russian Embassy in East Berlin is being besieged by West Germans wanting visas to travel to Moscow. Special Post Office vans take sacks full of applications only to the Embassy.

Officials say the requests come mainly from reporters and football fans.

More than one thousand soccer enthusiasts have already asked for visas for a match in

Moscow on August 21. On that day a West German team plays the Dynamo.

Reporters, all from West Berlin and West Germany, want to go to Moscow for Adenauer's meeting with Marshal Bulganin in September.

The Russians have let it be known they want to arrange a meeting with "certain West German officials" to discuss visas for both the Adenauer-Bulganin meeting and the football match.

Meanwhile, they are being more polite than at any time since the war. Officials personally (to all applicants): "Please wait. We do not know yet what we are to do. We have asked for instructions and we will let you know as soon as possible."

BRANDED BABIES British babies will get the bottom-up treatment in the future if hospitals accept the latest device for keeping track of them.

At the British Instrument Industries Exhibition one firm is showing a machine which will brand babies' bottoms with an invisible ultra-violet number.

The apparatus beams the ultra-violet light through a stencil for ten seconds, and if there is any dispute about the rightful parents the number will show up under fluorescent light. Under natural light the brand will not show.

CALL FOR ROSES There are four closely-packed pages of people named Rose in the London telephone directory and every one of them will get a phone call next week.

They will be asked to contribute anything from money to sack of coal, a length of rope in aid of the charities supported by the "Rose of England" ball to be staged later this month.

And if the Roses don't come through, the next list to be attacked will be the Thorns.

PUSHED AROUND Emmeline Pankhurst, who wouldn't stand for any pushing around when she was alive, got the heave-ho in Victoria Tower Gardens, near the House of Commons, last week.

The statue of the most famous suffragette of them all, which has had an honoured spot in the gardens, is being moved to another position to make room for a sculpture of six men most people have never heard of.

Socialist M.P. Jean Mann, faithful to her sex, leaped to her feet in the House of Commons and demanded to know why Mrs Pankhurst was being replaced

by the six burghers of Calais, who offered to give themselves up if England's Edward III would spare their town in 1347.

Minister of Works, Nigel Birch, replied that he had discussed the matter with the six burghers' descendants and had done his best to remove their apprehension.

Replied Mrs Mann: "They wish a definite assurance that there will be no more pushing around of Mrs Pankhurst." "I have given that assurance," Mr Birch said.

FOOD FOR OOMPH Brass bandmen in the Essex town of Chelmsford, have told the carnival committee that if they want oomph in the tubs "oomph-fats" they will have to see the bandmen get a good square meal.

Last year the bandmen complained that after an eight-hour programme, which included two miles of marching, they were given only a cup of tea, a sandwich and a cake.

"Blowing a tuba or a trombone is hard work and a man needs a square meal to see him through," says Albert Dickerson, the bandmaster of the group, which is sponsored by the local corporation council.

Arguing that they want no more trouble with the local band, the council has booked the band of the famous Coldstream Guards for this year's festivities.

Said Councillor Thomas Hughes: "We shall see to it that the Guardsmen get a good square meal."

PASSING NOTES A teacher in a boys' school in Nottingham is encouraging the passing of notes amongst his pupils. The notes, which contain such cryptic messages as "4 X 6 = 24," are an ingenious method of teaching the harmonica instituted by music teacher Norman Pearson.

The messages are actually mouth organ music of popular tunes. The number is the hole on the harmonica and an X means "suck." Where there is no X the player blows.

Only unhappy persons are the parents. Says Pearson: "Parents stop me in the streets to say that the mouth organs are driving them crazy."

VILLAGE BATTLE The Nottinghamshire village of Bulcote, which now has the same population (189) it had in William the Conqueror's time (that was in the eleventh century) has started a fight to keep it that way.

The hamlet has no shops, no school, no post office, not a pub. And its people were shocked when a farmer wanted to build a caravan camp there.

Charlie Leighton, 72, struck trouble first with the Planning Authority. It turned down his idea.

When Charlie appealed against the Planning Authority's decision, village representatives turned out to object to Charlie's appeal. Charlie told them: "There will be no gipsies or scallywags." But nobody wanted to hear. Decision will be made known later.

SLOT-MACHINE Marriage by ROMANCE The latest way of attempting to solve the boy-meets-girl problem in Germany. Slot-machines—all of them located in railway stations—will now dispense you the facts on 12 lonely members of the opposite sex for approximately 30 cents.

For your money you get 12 envelopes containing a code number and description of the romance seeker. When you have made your choice you write to the agency quoting the code number of the man or woman you want to meet.

30-HOUR WEEK The 30-hour week is a "quite conceivable" goal in the not too distant future, B. R. Williams, a professor of economics told the Institution of Production Engineers at a conference in Margate.

The shorter working week will be brought about by the age of automatic production he said and "if automatic control and operation in factories is economic as already in some fields it is, it must increase output per man."

A WIRE A "man" who went back at an Ipswich fair didn't cause any panic amongst visitors—they thought it was a great joke. The man was "Charlie," a six foot one inch robot, who caused a sensation as a municipal exhibition by speaking gibberish and winking at the ladies.

When someone asked him the time he replied: "Cauliflower." Officials who came to Charlie's rescue found he had a wire loose in his "complicated brain," which was short-circuiting and causing all the trouble.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Contest Fidgets

BY HARRY WEINERT



ANY MINUTE NOW SHE MIGHT RECEIVE A CALL AND WIN FORT KNOX OR SOMETHING.











## CATCHING THE HARE



This new form of Greyhound racing has been instituted at Vanves Cynodrome, France. The hare is not driven electrically, but is attached to a motor cycle. The greyhound still cannot catch the hare. — London Express Photo.

## Wimbledon Is A Place Of Colour, Of Women's Dress And Men's Faces

Says J. P. W. MALLALIEU

So they're at it again. All, that is, except Little Mo, who looks gay and carefree as a young girl should. But then, Little Mo is sitting in the Press Box. She no longer is playing. But Doris Hart still is playing. So is Louise Brough. So are other young girls—"playing" as if the Siberian salt-mines would be happy release.

Most of them have lovely faces. All have graceful bodies. But their faces just now are tense and their bodies taut all because they are playing at Wimbledon and playing there on their nerves.

Wimbledon is a place of colour—of green in the grass, of yellow and blues and reds in the sunshades, of every colour under the sun in the women's dresses and the men's faces.

And tennis can be a lively game. It varies from hard to gentle, from glaring hot to shadowy cool; but it can always be lively and should always be a game.

But at Wimbledon nowadays tennis is neither. It is a relentless, deadly pursuit of perfection, and those who die are not the pursued but the pursuers.

Players at Wimbledon used to laugh. Do you remember the Bounding Basque, Borotra, whose enthusiasm, taking him over the barriers in pursuit of a hot return, landed him on some lady's lap?

Cochet would sometimes use his feet instead of his racket to retrieve a passing shot. It was not tennis; but it was fun, and Cochet laughed as much as anyone. Even when Suzanne Lenglen cited she at least was being human.

### UNHAPPILY

But today no one laughs or cries at Wimbledon. No one shows any sign of being human, except Mr. Teddy Tilling, the gentleman who has made himself that centuries-old tennis right and who shows wholly admirable temperance when one of them appears in a pair of pants not designed by him. But Mr. Tilling, unhappily, does not display his temperance on the Centre Court.

The girls who do appear there, whether wearing his pants or not, and the men

who accompany them, whatever they may be wearing, display nothing except the early signs of nervous breakdown.

They are white-faced, tight-lipped mechanics running their machines to death.

Now I think that games should be taken seriously. Play them as well as you can or don't bother to play them at all is a fair motto.

### LAST MAN

When Wilfrid Rhodes came down the Pavilion steps as last man in with 14 wanted in that 1902 Test match everyone expected him to be serious.

Everyone would have been horrified if he had giggled and run down the pith at the first ball he received saying to anyone who could hear him: "This is only a game, after all."

Everyone, except supporters of Bolton Wanderers, would have been horrified if, in that famous Cup Final, with Blackpool trailing 1-3 and twenty minutes to go, Stanley Matthews had decided that no such a fine afternoon supreme effort was out of place.

But in cricket or football, or any other game, except tennis at Wimbledon, it seems possible for players to play hard and to the utmost of their ability and spirit, and yet enjoy themselves. Both Tyson and Trueman played with all their might. Yet they obviously relish every minute of the game.

### MARIONETTES

What then is wrong with tennis, especially at Wimbledon, that it should turn such obviously nice young men and women into marionettes actuated only by their nerves? Why at Wimbledon nowadays?

do you see so much intensity and so little zest?

I blame, in part, the hot-house atmosphere of Wimbledon itself, where people who may have queued for hours, and have certainly pressed against each other for more than half the day, gaze at an hysterical excitement which makes the behaviour of Johnnie Ray seem calm and collected.

Even more I blame the women competitors. Anyone who has played mixed hockey will know that women have difficulty in playing the Game—as men understand that phrase.

### FUN TO WIN

But at least we might expect them to have the same reaction to victory or defeat as we do—that it is usually fun to win and usually annoying to lose. But for women competitors at Wimbledon victory or defeat seems to produce the same result, expressionless acceptance on the Court and aspirations off it.

These women competitors are like moths—unhappy when they are away from the flame, and no less unhappy when they are in it; and they are affecting the men with their disease of wretchedness.

I can only suggest that for the future these Championships should be played at Wembley, where, away from the stifling Centre Court, some fresh air might sweeten the deadly virus which seems to be latent in every tennis woman's nerve centre.

And even if it did not, at least, at that distance we should be spared from seeing how unwomanly tennis makes them look. —(London Express Service)

## I'M GLAD YORKSHIRE DEFEATED SURREY

Says DENIS COMPTON

As a Southerner, I never thought I would write these words, but—I'm glad Yorkshire defeated Surrey last week.

My reason, simply, is that if Surrey had won that thrilling match at Headingley, the Championship fight might have been almost over—with the season less than half completed.

Surrey would have been 32 points in front with a game in hand, and, although strange things can happen at cricket, they must have been odds-on favourites to retain their title for the fourth year in succession.

Surrey still lead the Table, but Yorkshire's revenge for their Oval defeat was worth 24 points to them.

Knowing the determination of Norman Yardley and his team to put their county on top again, I appreciate how they will be feeling now that the issue has been widened.

Public interest also has been revived, and every match these two fine sides play will continue to be charged with fascinating prospects until—if ever—one or other pulls away so much that the race is a foregone conclusion.

Further, by pulling back Surrey, Yorkshire have encouraged counties like my own and Lancashire—who, with less interference from the weather in recent matches, have shot up the table—to strengthen their own chances.

Whoever wins the title, however, the prize again looks likely to go to one of the bigger fish that swim in the Championship pool.

### ALL TOO INFREQUENT

Every now and again one of the small counties comes along with a burst that takes them among the top positions, but such occasions are all too infrequent for the vigorous health of county cricket.

Since 1918 only one side which previously had not won the competition has finished as County Champions—Gloucestershire in 1948.

Hampshire, Essex, Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Worcestershire, Sussex and Somerset have never won.

### Answers To Sports Quiz

1. 577 by Vijay Hazare and Gul Mogomed for Baroda versus Holkar in 1946.
2. (a) Vic Seixas (b) Angela Mortimer, both beaten in the second round.
3. Austria, America, Argentina, America.
4. Archie Moore, Jean Borotra.
5. William Russell Endean, Keith Ross Miller, Raymond Russell Lindwall.
6. Jaroslav Drobný.
7. (a) never (b) when played from water.
8. 9.3 seconds set up by Mel Patton of America in 1948 and equaled by Her Hogan of Australia in 1954.
9. Henry Armstrong of America who was reigning feather, light, and welterweight champion.
10. (a) Newcastle United (b) Chelsea.

This might indicate that the Championship is not as truly competitive as it might be. Critics of the present system have said that some counties never will be good enough to lead the field.

A point often overlooked is that some counties have neither the population to find sufficient local talent nor the resources to be able to develop a Championship-winning eleven.

Occasionally a small county springs a surprise. This can happen especially in wet and unsettled weather, when the pitch will reduce teams to a uniform level. Yet, generally, the strong county triumphs by a considerable margin.

A good deal is heard about people staying away from cricket because it is too slow and because of diversions such as television.

My belief is that if worthwhile matches are provided spectators will turn up in greater numbers than ever.

The top-of-the-table clashes at The Oval and Leeds gave two examples. Crowds cannot be attracted by negative cricket, particularly when one side is slowly but surely being outplayed from the start.

### FAIRER ALL AROUND

A good case can be made out for a division of the counties into two sections. In time that might lead to brighter cricket and fairer cricket all the way round.

Widespread interest would be created by this arrangement.

In a season in which the Championship is a one-horse race—as it looked to be this season—until Yorkshire's recovery—the two-division plan would still keep the spotlight focused on promotion and relegation issues.

For a time counties in the Second Division might suffer financially through being deprived of Championship games with the teams placed in the First Division.

Yet there might be more than ample compensation for those clubs fighting their way into the promotion zone.

Speculators might well prefer to see their side striving for promotion in a Second Division where they are outplayed by one of the more powerful counties under the present system.

I should not be surprised if, in the near future, the Advisory Cricket Committee discuss the idea of two sections. I wonder whether they will also reopen talks on a knock-out competition.

Plans for a Cup tournament were drawn up at the war but they were shelved later.

Two sections of the Championship would give scope for a Cup tournament to run alongside.

In a changing world, cricket cannot stand still or aloof. Every idea for its progress should be explored to the full.

—(London Express Service)

## Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Tom Whittaker  
By ARCHIE QUICK

Man with a load of trouble is Tom Whittaker, manager of famous Arsenal. One of those solid, yeoman characters who never wears his heart on his sleeve Tom has spent a life time with the Highbury club in a variety of roles, but not until these past two seasons has worry been on his agenda.

True, after a deplorable start for the second year in succession Arsenal have climbed to a respectable tenth position, but the fact must be faced that the tried stars are on the wane and a transition period is upon the club. The coming summer will probably see changes of personnel on the playing staff in both directions. Mr. Whittaker's concern is who to buy, who to sell or let go on a free transfer.

Tom told me the other day that he was going to place his reliance chiefly on youth as represented by young players like Bloomfield, Tapscott, Clapton and Potheringham, all of whom have forced their way into the first eleven.

"It is a great burden steering a club of such traditions," said Mr. Whittaker, "greater than any other club for Arsenal to overseas clubs, players and fans is the yardstick of English football."

### PIONEERING TOUR

Big, bluff, hale and hearty Tom went to Arsenal soon after World War I from his native North of England where he played only for a junior club. He was one of the Football Association party which made a pioneering tour of Australia in 1924 and visited South Africa with the FA again the following year.

These games do not, of course, count as Internationals. The trip to the Union of South Africa was fated to alter the entire course of Whittaker's life. He broke his leg. But for that he may have returned, carried on as an Arsenal player for a year or two and then disappeared from the scene.

Instead, with the determination which is characteristic of him, he set about learning the trainer's art, massage and physiotherapy, and mastered it all with such skill that he was soon assistant trainer at Highbury under Mr. Herbert Chapman's management.

With the advent of Mr. George Allison he was appointed trainer and later was in charge of the England team. Next step in his progress was automatic—the managership when Mr. Allison resigned through ill-health.

"It has been a happy association," Tom says, but admits that his job has been a comparative bed of roses until recent times when the hard core of his great side suddenly all became old at once. Tom has a task on his hands in rebuilding a structure which is known the world over as glimmerous Arsenal.



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**THE GAMBOLS** by Barry Appleby

SAVE HARRY CAN'T GO TO WIMBLEDON ON SATURDAY AND WANTS TO KNOW IF WE'D LIKE HIS TICKETS.

OUR HOW LOVELY

I'LL SAY 'YES' THEN

NO, NO, I HAVEN'T A THING TO WEAR

ALL RIGHT THEN I'LL SAY 'NO'

UNLESS I WORE MY SILK GUANTUNG DRESS

ER, NO, I GOT A MARK ON THAT DRESS THE LAST TIME I WORE IT THERE I HAD TO HAVE IT CLEANED

WHAT SHALL I TELL HIM?

FRAPS I COULD BUY A NEW DRESS IN MY SIZE—SAW A LOVELY MODEL DRESS YESTERDAY FOR ONLY 2 GUINEAS

HE'S WAITING FOR AN ANSWER, DEAR

AND MY BIG HAT, ER, NO I HAVEN'T THE RIGHT COLOUR UNLESS I SPINITE IT WITH SOME YELLOW CHIFFON—NO, THAT WOULDN'T GO WITH BROCCOLAN

ALL HAVE TO HAVE A NEW HAT AND SOME LONG SLIDES AND SHOES AND BAG TO MATCH

SCORRY HARRY, BUT I CAN'T AFFORD IT

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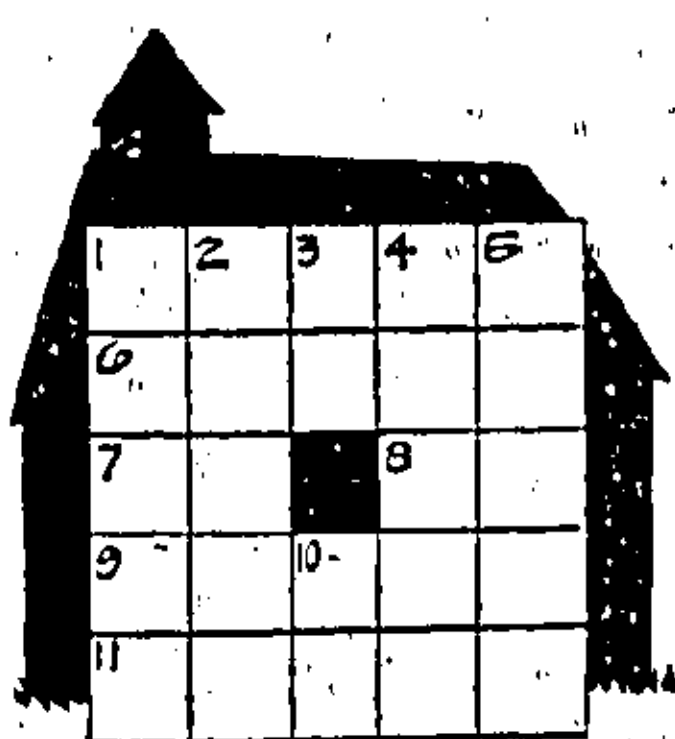
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# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

### CROSSWORD



- ACROSS
- 1 Farm buildings like this puzzle's silhouette.
  - 6 Constellation.
  - 7 An (Scott).
  - 8 Egyptian sun god.
  - 9 Kind of jazz dance.
  - 11 Largest state in America.

### DOWN

- 1 Brag.
- 2 Rugged mountain crest.
- 3 "Smallest State" (ab.).
- 4 Feminine appellation.
- 5 Phillips.
- 10 Farm animal.

### HOMONYM

Missing words in the sentence same alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you complete the sentence?

You can't — the — crop of our farm.

### TRIANGLE

The Puzzleman has hung his triangle from a PALACE. The second word is "to idolize," third "misplaced," fourth "wile," and fifth is an abbreviation for "cerium." Finish the triangle from this:

PALACE  
A  
L  
A  
C  
E

### WORD SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in each row to form a good word and then rearrange the rows so they will read the same down as across:

A	E	E	R	T
E	E	R	S	T
E	E	E	L	R
E	E	L	R	V
A	E	P	R	S

### WORD CHAIN

Change WILD to TAME in four moves. Change only one letter at a time and be sure you have a good word each change.

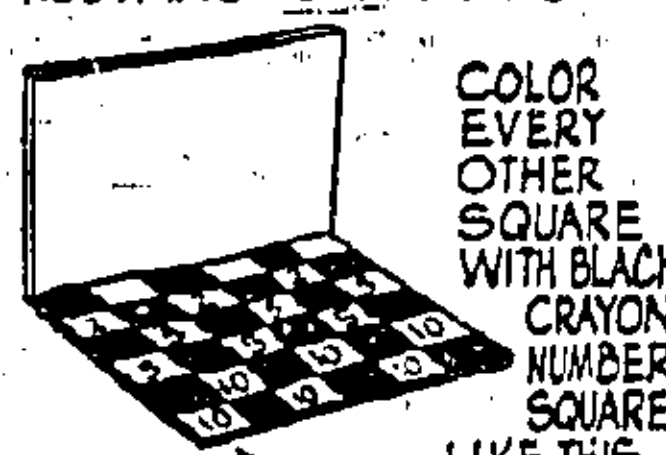
(Solutions on Page 20)

### HOW TO BEAN BOARD

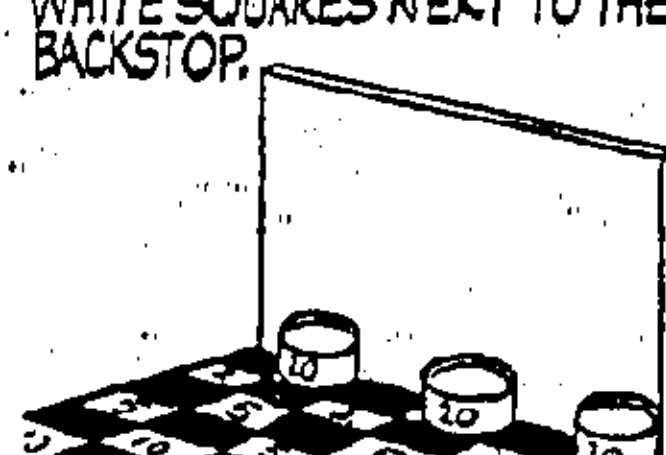
1. Make a board by hinging 2 pieces of heavy CARD-BOARD together with ADHESIVE TAPE.



2. MARK OFF 1 HALF IN RECTANGLES 4 IN. BY 3 IN.



3. MARK 3 TUNA FISH CANS WITH 20 AND SET THEM ON THE WHITE SQUARES NEXT TO THE BACKSTOP.



4. Put the BEAN BOARD on the table or floor. Brace up backstop with books. EACH PLAYER STANDS 3 FEET AWAY AND THROWS 5 BEANS FOR A TURN.



FIRST TO GET 50 POINTS WINS

### 4000'S WHO



THE AMERICAN POSSUM IS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE KANGAROO FAMILY. FIGHT FOR SEALS, THOSE TOO YOUNG OR TOO WEAK TO FIGHT FOR FAMILY RIGHTS, SEGREGATE THEMSELVES FROM THE HAZEN-COMMANDING BULLS ON SEPARATE ISLAND IN THE PIRLOF ISLANDS.

## FLOWER HAS USEFUL COUSIN

Have you ever looked out of the window just in time to see your beautiful blue morning glories before they eluded for the day? The fresh green leaves were almost hidden by their smiling flowers. Did you know that these vines have cousins? They have. One is a very useful cousin for its pretty vines have roots that are good to eat. You like them for dinner with baked ham and apple sauce. That's right! You guessed it. It is the sweet potato.

Don't mistake this morning glory's cousin for the white potato. They aren't any relation at all.

You're liable to get fooled too, if you go to the store to buy some sweet potatoes for dinner. There's a root that you may think is a sweet potato. But, it really isn't. It is a yam. Yams are yellow inside too. But sweet potatoes may be red, tan, yellow, or white inside.

Did you ever hear anyone say that they could play a tune on a sweet potato? It really isn't true for the musical instrument is properly called an ocarina. Because it is the shape of a sweet potato it borrowed its name.

When you have some real sweet potatoes ask mother if you may have one to plant. Put it point down in a jar of water. Place it in a sunny window. Soon there'll be leaves and then pretty vines.

Where will they grow? Did you see little dents on that cousin of the morning glory? They are the sweet potato's eyes. The heart-shaped leaves come out here and make the potato a lovely plant.

## Meet Bill Williams Of The Old West HE WAS HALF LEGEND AND HALF BAD

By Harold Gluck

BILL Williams was one of the strangest of Western men who ever scalped an Indian, trapped beaver, preached the Word of God, and became a mixture of fact and legend.

He is most famous for having marked the Santa Fe Trail. Walt Disney will produce a Frontierland TV show about him during the coming year.

He was born in North Carolina back in 1787 and lived as a boy on the Missouri frontier. He had a religious trend of mind and when he was seventeen he left home to be a Baptist preacher.

He lived with various Indian tribes and actually became part of them. He married an Osage girl and was with Commissioner George C. Sibley when the treaty with the Osages was signed.

### ENVY OF TRAPPERS

Generally he liked to trap alone and his catch was the envy of trappers and traders. However he would often join with others and that is how Kit Carson met him.

How did he look? You can visualize him as he always rode ahead, his body bent over his saddle-horn, across which rested a long heavy rifle. His keen grey eyes peered from under the slouched brim of a flexible felt hat, black and shining with grease. His buckskin hunting shirt, bedaubed until it had the appearance of polished leather, hung in folds over his bony frame. His buckskin trousers, which shrank when wet and clung to his thin, sinewy legs, were missing most of their fingers. They had been pretty well thinned out to supply whangs for mending moccasins or pack-saddles.

### ODD FOOT-GEAR

His feet were thrust into a pair of Mexican stirrups made of wood and as big as coal-scuttles. Iron spurs of incredible proportions, with tinkling drops attached to the rowels, were fastened to his heels. A bead-worked strap four inches broad secured them over the instep.

In the shoulder belt, which carried his powder horn and bullet pouch, were fastened the various instruments he needed. Anawl, with deer horn handle and the point encased in cherry wood carved by his own hand, hung at the back of the belt. Next to it was a worm for cleaning the rifle.

### ALWAYS THINKING

Under this was a squat and quaint looking bullet mould. The handles were guarded by strips of buckskin to save his fingers from burning when running balls. His companion was a little bottle made from the point of an antelope's horn, scraped transparent, which contained the "medicine" used in baiting his traps.

His face was sharp and thin, a long nose and chin bobbing with each other. Since his head was always bent forward, he looked humpbacked.

He appeared to look neither to the right nor left, but in fact his little twinkling eye was everywhere. He looked at no one he was addressing, but always seemed to be thinking of something else. Whining, thin and cracked, his voice left the hearer in doubt whether he was laughing or crying.



PARSON BILL WILLIAMS, ONE OF THE MOST COLORFUL CHARACTERS OF THE OLD WEST, WAS A DANGEROUS FELLOW WHEN HUNGRY, AND HE WAS THAT WAY A GREAT DEAL.

### KNOW MANY DIALECTS

He later related that in his youth when he was a preacher in Missouri, even the chickens on his circuit would recognize him. When he approached a farmhouse they would begin to crow, here comes Parson Williams. One of us must be ready for dinner.

His wonderful memory enabled him to learn the different Indian dialects. It was said that he could readily translate most of the Bible into several of the Indian dialects.

But his own conduct was frequently in contrast with the precepts of the Holy Book. The Mexicans among whom he settled thought he was a man possessed by an evil spirit. Once he had a quarrel with one of his customers, in which he took his small stock of goods, threw it into the street and headed for the mountains.

### MAN-EATER?

Bill Williams served as Fremont's guide on the latter's disastrous expedition of 1846. When eleven of the party perished in the mountains, he might have loved mankind, but he wasn't above eating a companion when faced with the alternative of starving. It is probable that when that expedition was stalled in the San Juan snows, his group killed and ate one of their companions. Kit Carson once remarked of Bill Williams that in starving times no man should walk ahead of him on the trail.

In spite of this and his peculiarity, trappers liked him for a certain "power" he was said to possess. The legend ran that with Bill Williams around you would detect the presence of Indians before they got a chance to finish you off. And Bill gave the credit to his horse.

"Dee hyar now, boys, that's sign about? This horse feels like cashing." What would happen then? He might fight side by side with his companions or vanish into the wilderness with all his possessions.

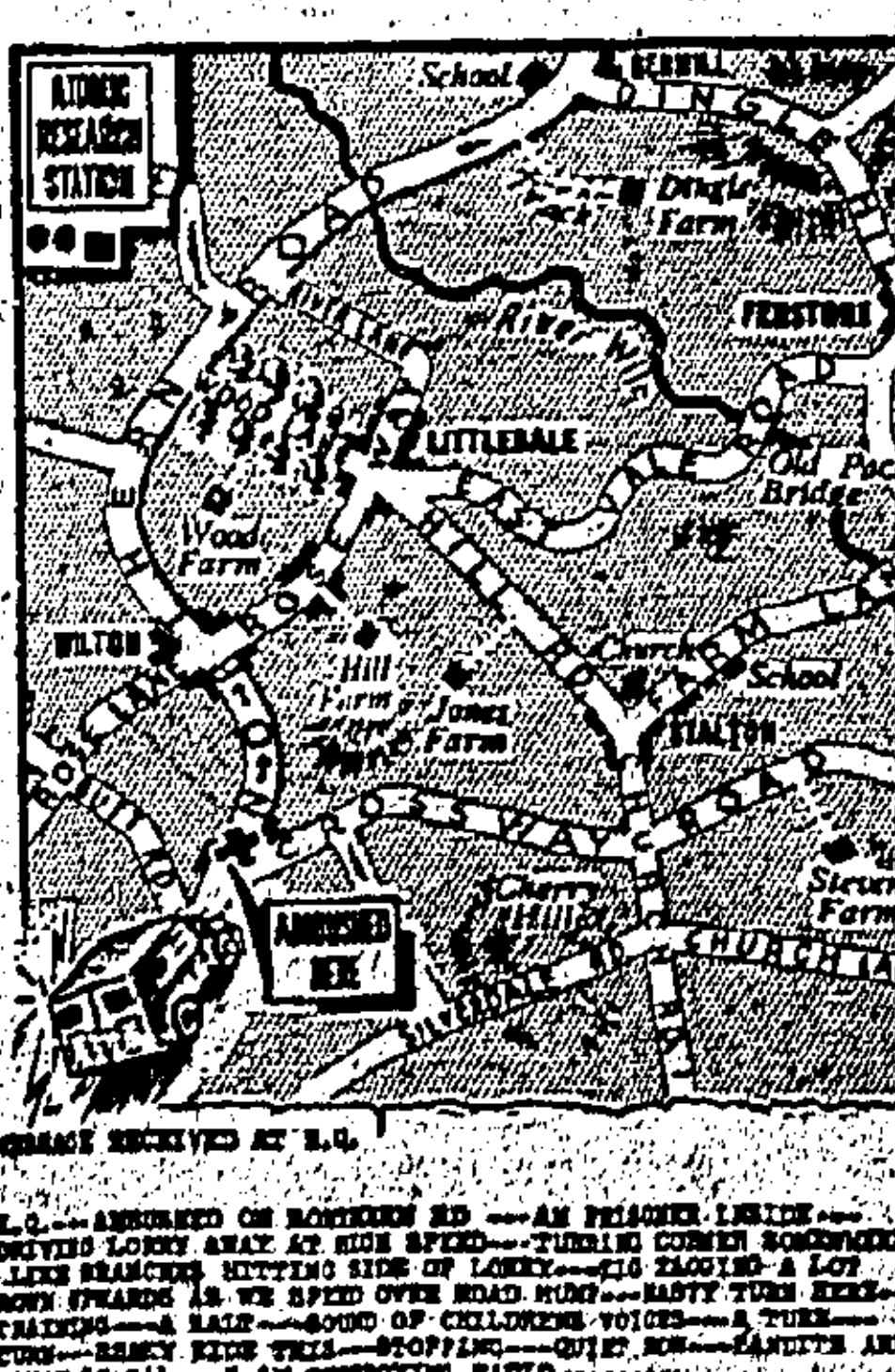
### A CHALLENGE TO ALL SLEUTHS

## An Atom Ambush

A LORRY with a secret plan is rushing to an atomic research station somewhere in England, and then—ambush!

A bandit gang holds up the lorry driver and makes him a prisoner inside the van, as they drive it off its course with the secret plans. But the driver has a secret radio, and he sends out the message you see below, which lays a trail to the bandits' hide-out.

From the message you should be able to find the bandits' route, and where the lorry was found. Answer on Page 20.



## Flags Fly For The Fair

FLAGS ripple proudly from a cluster of masts and proclaim that the big and small nations of Europe are keeping a date with industry.

The industry is based in the Saar—a strip of coal-rich borderland between France and Germany. And the Saar is holding a fair. That is where the flags are flying on this Saar-land stamp.

The more nations that get together at the fair, the better are the chances for peace in this sensitive corner of Europe. France and Germany have squabbled over it for centuries. Even now their differences are not settled.

The Saar is linked economically to France and she wants to ensure that her people will continue to have a big say in the great Roehling steel works whatever happens.

The stamp is perforated 13½; printed in photogravure and costs 6d. in London.

—J.A.A.



"Mind you, Feldtrap, it's only a suggestion—you don't have to follow it unless you want to keep your job."

## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 9

BORN today, you will demand independent initiative and action, which fortunately, does not restrict your ability to co-operate realistically with others. You have tact and diplomacy and know how to make people like you and do what you want. This aspect of leadership is very apt to bring you to an early success. In addition, you have that "sixth" sense that seems to give you the ability to outguess others and recognise the exact moment to act advantageously.

There is another side to your nature which does not come to the surface as often. This is your kindly, sympathetic interest in others who are less fortunate than you are. If you have money—and the chances are excellent that you will—you will want to help them. Fond of travel, you will probably visit many of the far places of the earth.

You have strong ties of kin and are happiest when in the midst of your own family group. Attractive to members of the opposite sex, you will be most content if you wed early and have a family of your own to love and pamper!

Among those born on this date are: Dorothy Thompson and Florence Marryat, authors; Elias Howe, inventor; Charles Downing, horticulturist; William Polk, statesman; S. L. Rothafel (Rory), theatre manager.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 10

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—This can be a perfect Sunday. Even if the weather is against you! Happiness is within your own self.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—This might be a good day to take a short trip to visit someone of whom you are very fond.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A fine day! If you are on vacation, enjoy it to the full. If anticipating one, make your plans.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—The stars are on your side. All you have to do, to make them bring what you want, is to carry out your objective.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Some helpful recreation in the great outdoors will benefit you immeasurably.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Tallor your athletic capacity. If city-bred, take it easy or you could do more harm than good.

Capricorn (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If you are willing to make a minor compromise, then you can have "full" and complete domestic harmony.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Get some rest as well as recreation today. Don't attempt to do too much entertaining.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—This can be one of those splendid mid-summer days when complete joy and happiness seems possible.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If out of town, get an early start home or your benefits of rest are dissipated by driving in heavy traffic.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You may want to set the day for a wedding. If you have accepted the challenge of romance.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—This is a neutral day and if you are diplomatic, any slightest dis-ease or you could do more harm than good.

BORN today, you are a strong personality and can leave your mark upon the world. Your ideas are original. And, although you may have to face opposition, it is important that you carry out your plans to their ultimate termination. If you persist, you will win fame—and perhaps a fortune as well.

There is a strong spiritual side to your nature and although this may not express itself by your entering the church—although it might—you will always operate under an especially high standard of ethics. You are rather strict in your tenets and expect those who do follow you to do so. You command love and respect from others. They are always bringing their problems to you for solution, for you can always give excellent advice.

On the other hand, you of the feminine sex, are more interested in the problems of your own family circle. You are the one to whom everyone comes in time of trouble or crisis. Usually you know exactly what to do. You make fine wives and mothers and your home life should be exceptionally happy.

Among those born on this date are: John Calvin, reformer; Finley Peter Dunn, humorist; St. George Tucker poet; Christopher Columbus; John McNeil, Whistler; and Sanford B. Gifford, painter; Donald Richberg and Rex Guy Tugwell, government officials; John Gilbert, actor.

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MONDAY, JULY 11

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—This is one of the days when you may open wide her doors to your future success. Be alert.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—This is a fine day for making business profits or, perhaps, very sound promise before you even getting that raise you so asked for.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—There is good and bad, inter-mixed for you today, but your attitude can control the ultimate results.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If faced with an important decision make sure that you make the right move at the right time.

## Knarf's Big Discovery

—He Finds Out Giddap Sleeps Standing Up—

By MAX TRELL

"I WAS so sleepy last night," Giddap the Milk Wagon Horse was remarking to Knarf, the shadow-boy, "that I fell asleep standing up."

"Standing up?" Knarf exclaimed in astonishment. "You slept standing up? How could you?"

"Why—ha—ha—it wasn't any trouble at all," replied Giddap, giving a short, snorty sort of horse-laugh. "I just stood up, shut one eye and...there I was, fast asleep!"

"Now just a minute, Giddap," said Knarf. "You said you shut one eye. Didn't you shut the other eye?"

"It was shut already," said Giddap. "I shut one eye at a time." Giddap demonstrated how he shut one eye at a time by winking at Knarf.

### Delirious With Joy

Just then Pick-Poo, the poodle, appeared at the corner of the street. On seeing Knarf and Giddap the Milk Wagon Horse he came bounding joyfully over.

"Good-morning, my dear friends," good-morning, good-morning!" Pick-Poo barked. He jumped up and down, first on his front paws, then on his back paws. He was so happy to see Knarf and Giddap that he would have spun around on the end of his tail like a top, only he couldn't manage. Finally, when Pick-Poo quieted down a bit, Knarf said to him: "Giddap just told me a very funny thing."

"Yep, it's about the way I sleep," Giddap broke in, laughing again.

"Giddap sleeps standing up," said Knarf.

"Well, well, well," said Pick-Poo sounding surprised. "Why doesn't he sleep the regular way, sitting down?"

"The regular way for sleeping isn't sitting down!" said Knarf. "The regular way for sleeping is lying down!"

"I beg your pardon—" Pick-Poo began.

But just then Mathilda the Cat came out from under the cellar steps. She nodded to Knarf and Giddap and not to



Pick-Poo the Poodle whom the friends were talking about. "But how could you?" Knarf asked Giddap in amazement.

Pick-Poo the Poodle whom the friends were talking about at all. Giddap said, blinking up at the sky: "It looks like rain."

"Mathilda," said Knarf, "Giddap the Milk Wagon Horse and Pick-Poo the Poodle—"

"Ugh!" said Mathilda. Then she nodded at Pick-Poo in a cool way. "What is that you are standing to say about Giddap and Pick-Poo, my dear?"

"What I was starting to say was this," said Knarf. "I was starting to say that both of them sleep in a funny way, Giddap sleeps standing up, and Pick-Poo sleeps sitting down. Now both of those ways of sleeping are wrong ways of sleeping, aren't they?"

"I should say they are, my lovely boy," said Mathilda. "The right and proper and regular and usual way of sleeping is curled up."

### Matter of Choice

"Not! It's lying down!" cried Knarf.

"It's sitting up!" barked Pick-Poo. "I mean, sitting down!"

"It's standing up!" neighed Giddap.

Poor Knarf! He walked slowly home wondering which was the right way to sleep. "I guess everyone sleeps in his own way, but they all sleep!" he finally decided. "That's the important thing, they all sleep!"

So that night he slept lying down. Giddap slept standing up. Pick-Poo slept sitting down and Mathilda the Cat slept curled up. BUT THEY ALL SLEPT!

## Rupert & the Distant Music—6



Bill is waiting at the Lost Tree as arranged. "You've been a long time," he calls. "What kept you?" Come on, let's play, I vote by majority. We shall have more ground that way. Here, half a minute, not so fast, says Rupert. "My Mummy didn't say so." ALL RIGHTS RESERVED







